

Tom Lehrer
Complete
65 Songs

A Christmas Carol

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer



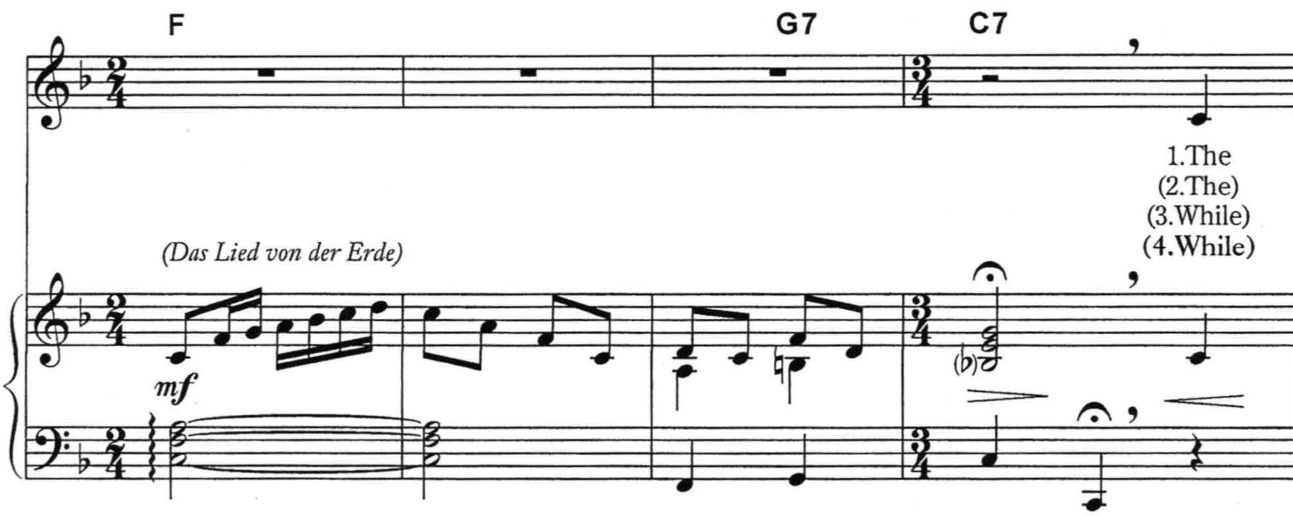

F F7 Bb Bbm F Gm7 1 C7 F
E - ven though the pros-pect sick-ens, Broth-er, here we go a - gain. On
Sen-ti-ment will not en-dear it, What's im-por-tant
F7 Bb Bbm F
Christ-mas Day you can't get sore, Your fel-low man you must a-dore, There's
Dm Db+ F G7 C G7 C7
time to rob him all the more The oth-er three hun-dred and six-ty four. Re-
poco a poco ritard.
2 C7 F Slower C F C F Am Bb Gm F C F
is the price. Hark, the Her-ald Trib-une sings, Ad-ver-tis-ing won-drous things. God

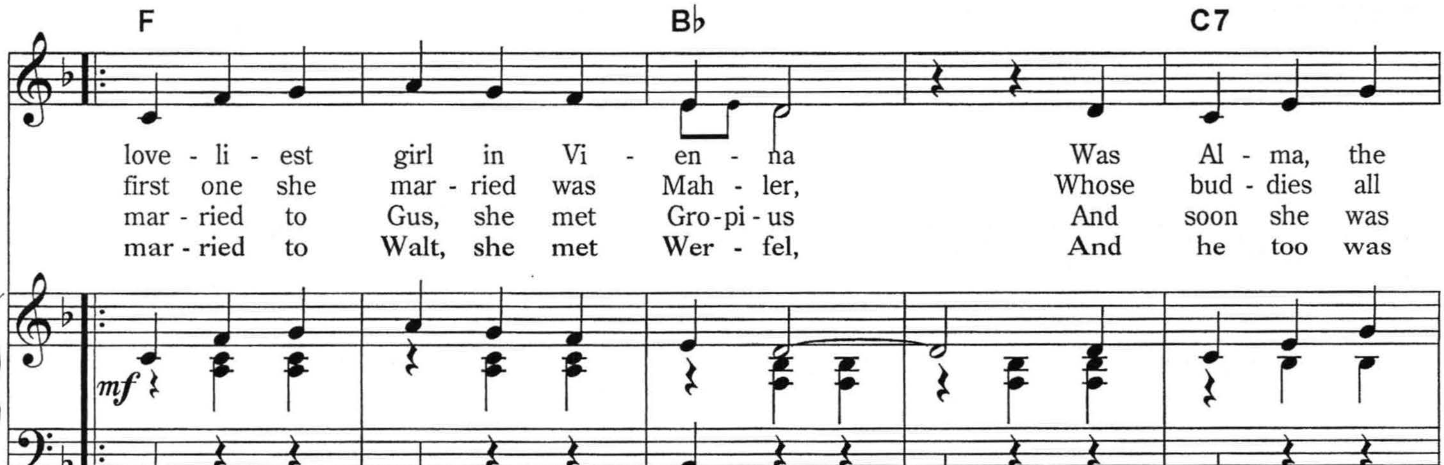

Faster
Dm A7 Dm Am B♭ F B♭ A Dm Gm A
rest you mer-ry merchants, may you make the Yuletide pay.
Slower
F
An-gels we have
Gm7 C7 F F C7 F C7 F C7
heard on high Tell us to go out and buy!
Tempo I
F
So let the rau-cous
D7 G7 C7 F C7
sleigh-bells jin-gle, Hail our dear old friend Kriss Kringle, Driv-ing his rein-deer a-
D7 Gm D7 Gm C7 F C7 F
cross the sky. Don't stand underneath when they fly by.

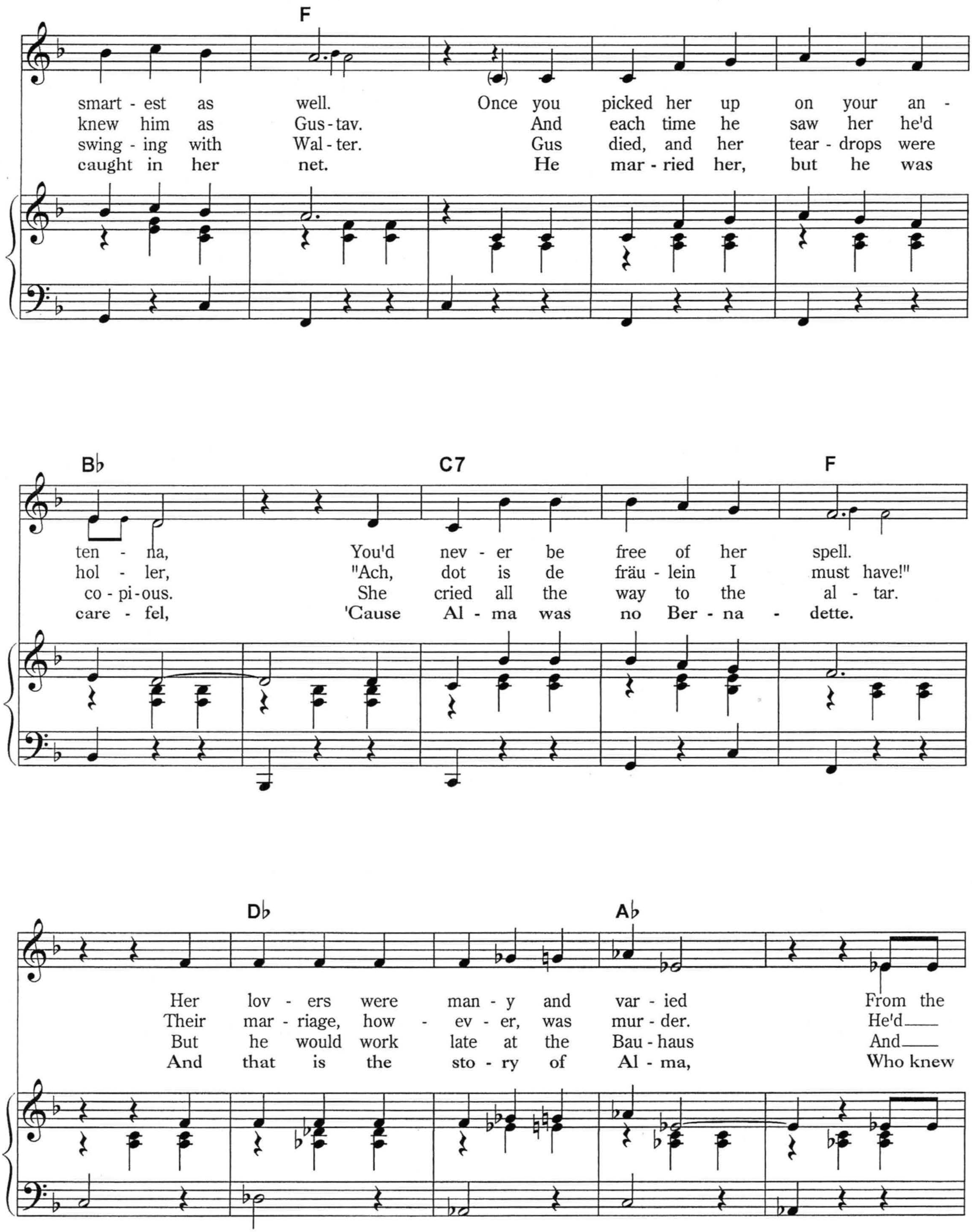
Alma

words and music by TOM LEHRER

[Note: The brief musical quotations in the introduction and the three interludes are taken from the works of Gustav Mahler.]






F
smart - est as well. Once you picked her up on your an -
knew him as Gus - tav. And each time he saw her he'd
swing - ing with Wal - ter. Gus died, and her tear - drops were
caught in her net. He mar - ried her, but he was
B♭ C7 F
ten - na, You'd nev - er be free of her spell.
hol - ler, "Ach, dot is de fräu - lein I must have!"
co - pi - ous. She cried all the way to the al - tar.
care - fel, 'Cause Al - ma was no Ber - na - dette.
D♭ A♭
Her lov - ers were man - y and var - ied From the
Their mar - riage, how - ev - er, was mur - der. He'd
But he would work late at the Bau - haus And
And that is the sto - ry of Al - ma, Who knew


Eb7 Ab
day she be - gan her be - guine. There were three fa - mous
scream to the heav - ens a - bove, "I'm writ - ing 'Das
on - ly came home now and then. She said, "What am I
how to re - ceive and to give. The bod - y that
C7 Fm G7 G7/B
ones whom she mar - ried, And God knows how man - y be -
Lied von der Er - de,' Und she on - ly vants to make
run - ning, a chow house? It's time to change part - ners a -
reached her em - bal - ma Was one that had known how to
C C7 Bb F
tween. Al - ma, tell us,
love!" Al - ma, tell us,
gain." Al - ma, tell us,
live. Al - ma, tell us,


C7
F
B♭
All mod - ern wom - en are jeal - ous. Which of your
All mod - ern wom - en are jeal - ous. You should have a
All mod - ern wom - en are jeal - ous. Though you did - n't
How can they help be - ing jeal - ous? Ducks al - ways
F/C
D7/F♯
Gm7
mag - i - cal wands got you Gus - tav and
stat - ue in bronze For bag - ging Gus - tav and
e - ven use Pond's, You got Gus - tav and
en - vy the swans Who get Gus - tav and
1
C7
F
Wal - ter and Franz? 2.The
(Symphony No. 2)


2
C7 F C7 F C7
Wal - ter and Franz.
3.While
(Symphony No. 4)
3
C7 F C7 F
Wal - ter and Franz.
4.While
(Symphony No. 9)
4
C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 B♭ C7 F C7 F
Wal-ter, you nev - er did fal - ter With Gus-tav and Wal - ter and Franz!
poco a poco cresc.
ff
sfz
sfz

ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS? (Canon for 4 voices)

(Finale of *The Physical Revue*)

words by Tom Lehrer
music: "O, du eselhafter Martin" by W. A. Mozart

PROFESSOR: Now then, are there any questions?
Any problems, any questions?
If there are none,
Then I am done,
And I can bid you all good day,
For there's no reason I should stay here,
For I've said all I have to say here.
If there are none,
Then I am done,
I wish you luck on the examination.

And so, my friends, I bid you all goodbye,
I hope you've liked the course as much as I,
Goodbye, goodbye,
Goodbye, to one and all I say goodbye.

Just one more thing, and do not laugh:
I hope you'll take the second half,
Physics --
Physics --
Physics Eleven B.

Now there's no reason I should (*) stay here, etc., etc.

STUDENT 1: *[begin at (*) above]*
Ha! He asks if there are questions!
Holy smoke, have I got questions,
I got a ton,
And every one
Would take him half a day to do,
But I don't really want to (**) stay here,
Since he's said all he has to say here,
But it's agreed
That I shall need
Much more than luck on the examination.

And so I (***) think I'll let him say goodbye,
I guess that he is as relieved as I.
Goodbye, goodbye,
Thank God the course is over now, goodbye.

One thing he said that makes me laugh:
He hopes I'll take the second half.
Ha, ha!
Ha, ha!
Ha, ha! Don't make me laugh!

Ha! He asks if there are questions, etc., etc.

STUDENT 2 begins at (**), STUDENT 3 begins at (***)

Be Prepared

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




E7 A9 D7
li-quor pret-ty well. Don't write naugh-ty words on
sis-ter, that's not nice, Un-less you get a good per-
G9 G7+ C
walls if you can't spell. Be pre-pared! To hide that
cent-age of her price. Be pre-pared! And be
G dim G7
pack of cig-a-rettes, Don't make book if you
care-ful not to do Your good deeds when there's
C G7/C C7
can not cov-er bets. Keep those reef-ers hid-den where you're sure that
no-one watch-ing you. If you're look-ing for ad-ven-ture of a


F C7 F Cm6 D A7/D D7
they will not be found, And be care-ful not to smoke them when the
new and dif-f'rent kind, And you come a-cross a Girl Scout who is
G D7 G G7 C F
scout-mas-ter's a-round, For he on-ly will in-sist that they be
si-mi-lar-ly in-clined, Don't be ner-vous, don't be flus-tered, don't be
cresc.
D7 Fm6 G7 C F C F6
shared. Be pre-pared!
scared. Be pre-pared!
1 C G dim G7
2. Be pre-
dim.
mf
2 C Fm6 C
ff

Bright College Days

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




F D7 G7 C7
I - vy cov-ered pro - fes - sors in i - vy cov - ered halls.
We shall ne'er for - get thee, thou gol - den col - lege days.
F D7 Gm C7
Turn on the spig - ot, Pour the beer and swig it, And
F C7 F
gau - de - a - mus ig - it - ur.
F7 B♭
Hearts full of youth,
somewhat faster
E♭7 A♭ D♭7 G♭ C7 F
Hearts full of truth, Six parts gin to one part ver-mouth!
sfz

Deep Doodoo

words and music by Tom Lehrer




30 G D+7 G D+7
(spoken) 2. When we
34 G G♭ G G♭ G
can't com-pete with the Jap - a nese, Or the Por-tu- guese, or the chim-pan- zees, And ev' - ry bod-y
39 E7 A7 D7 G G♭ G
plays by diff' - rent rules, It ain't a ques - tion of when or whether, Any fool can put two and
45 G♭ G Am7 D7 G G7 C
two to- gether, Un- less they took new math at one of our schools. (sung) Yes, we're in deep
51 F C E7
doo - doo, Deep, deep doo - doo. God knows there's plen - ty
55 A7 Dm7 G7 C (tacet)
to do When the doo - doo gets so deep. And get - tin' deep - er


59 F C+7 F C+7
(spoken) 3. When
63 F F♭ F F♭ F
some schools feel like com - bat sec-tors with guns and gangs and metal de - tec-tors (Re -
67 D7 G7 C7 F
mem - ber how we felt guilt-y just "play - in' hooky"?) When the school is broke, and
72 F♭ F F♭ F Gm7
home-work's a joke, And the kids do booze or grass or coke, We've come a long way from
76 C7 F F7 B♭ E♭
choc' late milk and a cookie. (sung) And we're in deep doo- doo, Deep, deep doo- doo, And it's
83 B♭ D7 G7 Cm7 F7 B♭ (tacet)
gon-na take more than voo-doo 'cause the doo-doo is so deep. And get-tin' deep-er


88
E♭ B♭+7 E♭
92
E♭ E♭♭ E♭ E♭♭ E♭
(spoken) 4. People keep givin' me the same old pitch:"Ifyou're so smart,why ain't you rich?" I'veheard that all my
97
C7 F7 B♭7 E♭ E♭♭ E♭
life, and I know it by heart.___ And to tell the truth, I wish I knew, But, A-mer-i - ca, I'm
103
E♭♭ E♭ Fm7 B♭7 E♭ E♭7 A♭
ask-in' you: Ifyou're so rich___why ain't you smart? (sung) Yes,we're in deep doo-doo,
110
D♭ A♭ C7 F7 B♭m7 E♭7 F7
Deep, deep doo-doo. So ask your-self what can you do When the doo-doo gets so deep. It's
116
B♭7 E♭7 A♭7 D♭7 G♭7
time to look and time to leap, There's prom-i - ses we've got to keep, And as you sow, so
121
B7 E7 A7 D A7 D
shall you reap, but what - ev er it is, it won't be cheap, 'Cause the doo-doo is so deep!

Fight Fiercely, Harvard!

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




E♭7 D7 C6 B7
have the will. How we shall cel - e -
and true. Come on, chaps, fight for
Em Em7 A7
brate our vic - to - ry, We shall in - vite the
Har - vard's glo - rious name, Won't it be peach - y
D7 G
whole team up for tea. (How jol - ly!) Hurl that
if we win the game? (Oh, good - y!) Let's try
C E7+ E7 A9
sphe - roid down the field, and fight,
not to in - jure them, but
cresc. poco a poco


D7 G No chord D7
fight, fight! 2. Fight
f
mf
2 A9 D7 G (Spoken) Dm6 E7
fight, fight, fight! Let's not be rough, though!
cresc. poco a poco
(Sung) A9 D7 G (Spoken) Dm6 E7
Fight, fight, fight! And do fight fierce-ly!
(Sung) A9 D7 G D7 G
Fight, fight, fight!
ff

(I'm Spending)

Hanukkah in Santa Monica

words and music by TOM LEHRER






Bdim7 Cm7 F7 Cm7
can-dles by the sea. I spent She - vu - os in East St.
F7 B♭ Bdim7
Lou - is, A charming spot, but clear - ly not the spot for me.
F7 B♭7
Those East - ern win - ters, I can't en-dure 'em, So
E♭ C9 F7
ev - 'ry year I pack my gear and come out here till Pu - rim. Rosh-Ha -


B♭
G7
(Southern accent)
C7
shon-ah I spend in Ar-i-zon-ah, And Yom Kip-puh way
C7/G
E♭m/G♭
F7
F/E♭
B♭
B♭/D
Dm7
down in Mis-sis-sip-puh. But in De-cem-ber there's just one place for
G7
E♭
G7/D
me; A-mid the Ca-li-for-nia flo-ra I'll be light-ing my me-
Cm
C♯dim7
Edim7
no-rah, Like a ba-by in his cra-dle I'll be play-ing with my drei-del, Here's to


B♭/F
G7
Ju - das Mac - ca - be - us, Boy, if he could on - ly see - us Spend - ing
cresc. poco a poco
Cm7
F13
A♭7#11
F13♭9/A
Han - uk - kah in San - ta Mo - ni - ca by the
ff
B♭
sea.
fff
sfz

Hey, Joe!

" 'O Sole mio" (1899),
Giovanni Capurro (words), Eduardo di Capua (music)

words and music by Tom Lehrer



HIGH SCHOOL HYMN

words: Tom Lehrer
music: "Eternal Father, Strong to Save"(1861), by John B. Dykes



I Got It from Agnes

(from *Tomfoolery*)

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




F7 B♭ F7 B♭ F7
mf
mp
Chorus
B♭ F7 B♭ B♭7 E♭ F7
1. I got it from Ag - nes, She got it from
2. Giles got it from Daph - ne, She got it from
3. Max got it from E - dith, Who gets it ev - 'ry
4. I got it from Ag - nes, Or may - be it was
mf
B♭ B dim F7 B♭ Gm
Jim. We all a - gree it must have been Lou -
Joan, Who picked it up in Coun - ty Cork, a -
spring. She got it from her Dad - dy, who just
Sue, Or Mil - lie or Bil - lie or Gil - lie or Wil - lie, it


C7 F7 B♭ F7
ise who gave it to him. Now she got it from
kiss - in' the Blar - ney Stone. Pi - erre gave it to
gives her ev - 'ry - thing. She then gave it to
does - n't mat - ter who. It might have been at the
B♭ B♭7 E♭ D7 Gm G♭7-5
Har - ry, Who got it from Ma - rie, And
Shei - la, Who must have brought it there. He
Dan - iel, whose span - iel has it now. Our
pub, or at the club, or in the loo, And if
B♭/F F♯+ Gm F♯+ 1.2.3. C9
ev - 'ry - bod - y knows that Ma - rie
got it from Fran - çois and Jacques, A - ha,
den - tist ev - en got it, and we're still
you will be my friend, then I


F7 B♭ F7 B♭ F7
got it from me.
Luck-y Pi - erre!
won-der-ing how.
But
4
C9 E♭maj7/F F11
might... (Mind you, I said "might")...
cresc. poco a poco
(looks around audience, finally chooses someone, grins, points to him or her and says:)
F7 B♭ G♭7 B♭
Give it to you!
f

I Hold Your Hand in Mine

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




C7 C7+ F C7
joy would be com - plete, dear, if you were on - ly
F Cm D7 Gm F Cm6 D7
here, But still I keep your hand as a
Gm7 C7 F C7 D♭
pre-cious sou - ve - nir. The night you died I
A♭ E♭ E♭7 A♭ A♭7
cut it off, I real - ly don't know why, For


D♭ A♭ G G7
now each time I kiss it I get blood - stains on my
C7 C7+ F F+
tie. I'm sor - ry now I killed you, for our
C7 F F7 B♭ B♭m
love was some - thing fine, And till they come to
F D9 Gm7 C7 F
get me I shall hold your hand in mine.
poco a poco ritard.
L.H.

I Wanna Go Back to Dixie

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




B♭ C7 F7
wait - in' for the Rob-ert E. Lee. (It was nev - er there on time.) I'll
ain't seen one good lynch-in' in years. The
poco rit.
B♭ B♭7
go back to the Swa - nee Where pel - lag - ra makes you scraw-ny, And the
land of the boll wee - vil, Where the laws are me - di - e - val, Is
freely
E♭ G♭/E B♭ B dim F7
hon - ey - suck - le clut-ters up the vine. I
call-in' me to come and nev - er-more roam. I wan-na
a tempo
B♭ B dim F7 To Coda B♭ Fm6 G7
real - ly am a - fix - in' To go home and start a - mix - in' Down be -
go back to the South-land, That y'


C7 F7 B♭ F7
low that Ma - son - Dix - on line. (Spoken) Won't - cha
B♭ B♭7 E♭ E♭m B♭ B♭7 E♭ E♭m
come with me to Al - a - bam - my, Back to the arms of my dear ol' Mam - my, Her
B♭ B♭7 E♭ E♭m B♭ F7 B♭
cook - in's lous - y and her hands are clam - my, But what the hell, it's home. (Sung) Yes, for
Slower
F7 F dim F7
par - a - dise the South - land is my nom - i - nee. Jes' give

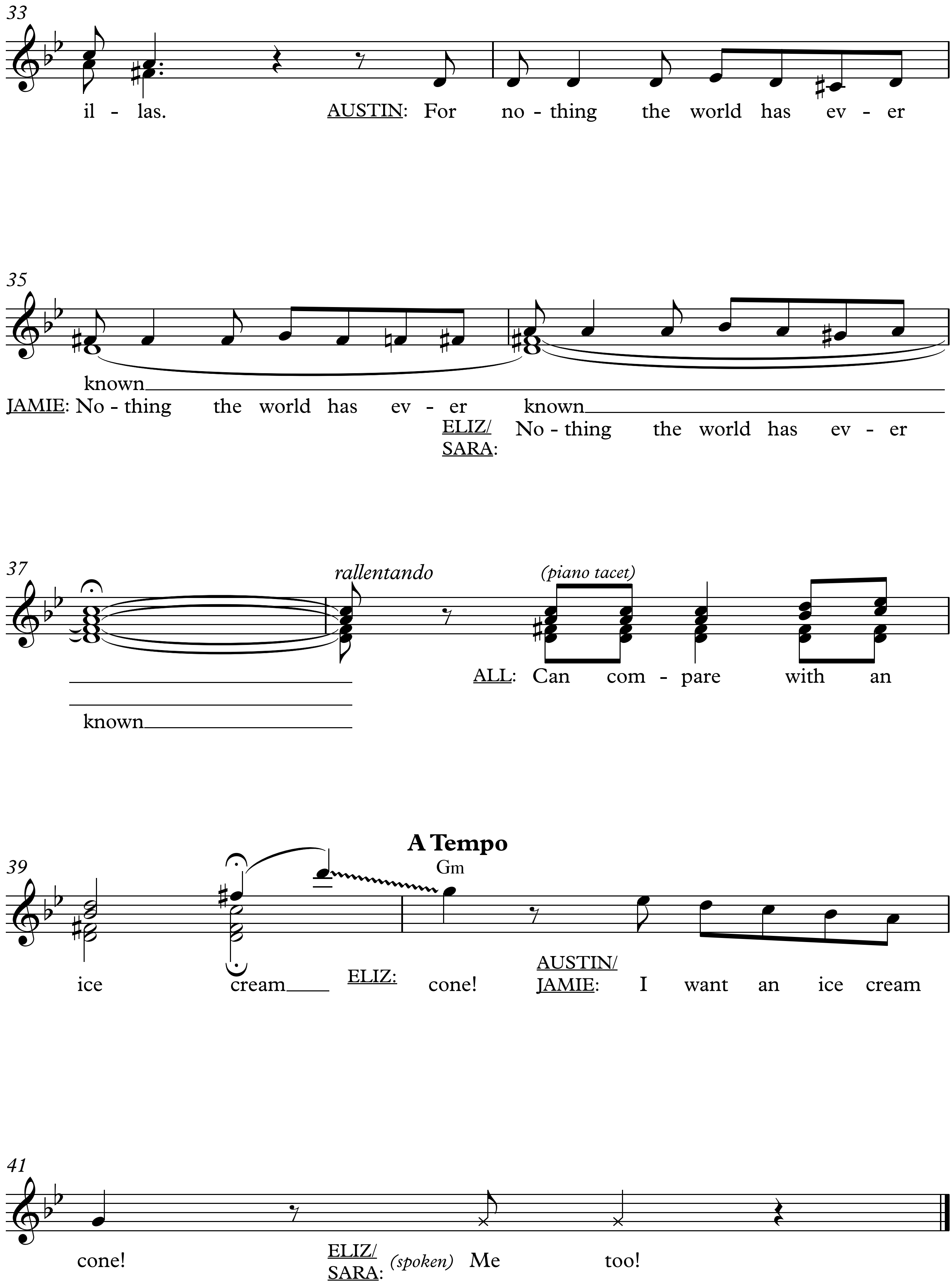

D.S. al Coda
F7 Fdim F7
me a ham hock and a grit of hom-i-ny. I
CODA
Bb Bdim F7 Bb F7
Slower
Bb F7/Bb Bb
all and 'shet-ma-mouth' land, Be it ev - er so
ritard.
Ab G7
Back to tempo
C7 F7
dec - a - dent, there's no place like
Bb F7 Bb
home.

The Ice Cream Tango

words and music by Tom Lehrer




15
Cm6
ELIZ: But would-n't it be pleas-ant, Some day when no one's
17
D7
Gm
D7
pres-ent, To or-der one of each! SARA: (spoken) In-clu-ding
rallentando
A Tempo
19
G7
Cm
peach! AUSTIN: Would you rath-er have a dish? ELIZ: (spoken) A bit too fancy-ish!
(Sarah and Jamie stick tongues out at each other)
21
F7
B♭
AUSTIN: Would you like it on a plate? ELIZ: (spoken) It's good--but not great!
23
G7
Cm
AUSTIN: Would you like it on a stick? SARA/ JAMIE: (spoken) Ick! AUSTIN: Well,
25
A7
D7
how a-bout a cup? O-kay, four cones com-ing
(others shake heads)
27
Gm
up! I'll go and get the ice cream. JAMIE: Me
29
D7
too, you can't car-ry them a-lone. ELIZ/ SARA: He's right! AUSTIN: I
31
know. JAMIE: Two choc' lates, two van-il-las. ELIZ/ SARA: Two choc' lates two van-


33
il - las.
AUSTIN: For no - thing the world has ev - er
35
known
JAMIE: No - thing the world has ev - er known
ELIZ/ SARA: No - thing the world has ev - er
37
rallentando
(piano tacet)
known
ALL: Can com - pare with an
39
A Tempo
Gm
ice cream
ELIZ: cone!
AUSTIN/ JAMIE: I want an ice cream
41
cone!
ELIZ/ SARA: (spoken) Me too!

In Old Mexico

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




Am/C
B7
Em
giv - ing a thought to to - ma - ra
To the strum-ming of gui -
D
A7
D
tars In a hun-dred grub-by bars I would whis-per 'Te a - mo'.
D7
G
D
The ma-ri - ach-is would ser - e - nade And they
A7
D
D7
G
would not shut up till they were paid. We ate, we drank, and we were


D A7 D E7
mer-ry, And we got ty-phoid and dys-en-ter-y. But
Freely, with motion
Am G
best of all, we went to the Pla-za de Tor-os, Now when-
F
ev-er I start feel-ing mo-rose, I re-vive by re-call-ing that
E7 F E7 Am
scene. And names like Bel-


G
mon-te, Do-min-guin, and Ma-no - le - te, If I live to a hun-dred and
F
eight - e, I shall nev - er for - get what they
E
mean.
Moderately
A
Gm
A
f marcato
gliss.
Fairly fast
D
E♭
(Spoken) For there is surely nothing more beautiful in this world than the sight of a lone man facing singlehandedly a half a ton of angry pot roast!
f (repeat as necessary)


D Eb D Eb D
Out came the mat-a-dor who must have been pot-ted or slight-ly in -
mf
Eb D Eb/A D Eb/A D Eb/A
sane, but who looked rath-er bored.
f
D Eb D Eb
Then the pic-a-dors of course, Each one on his horse. I
mf
D Eb D Eb/A D Eb/A
shout-ed 'O - lé' ev - 'ry time one was gored.
f


D Eb/A D7 G D
I cheered at the ban - de - ril - ler - os' dis -
poco rit.
mf a tempo
A7 D
play, As they stuck the bull in their own clev - er way, For
G D F#m7 B7 Em
I had - n't had so much fun since the day My broth - er's dog
a tempo
A7 D Eb
Ro - ver got run o - ver.


D
Eb
(last time)
(Spoken) Rover was killed by a Pontiac. And it was done with such grace and artistry that the witnesses awarded the driver both ears and tail -- but I digress.
The
f (repeat as necessary)
D Eb D Eb
mo - ment had come, I swal - lowed my gum, We
crowd held its breath, Hop - ing that death would
mf
D Eb D Eb
knew there'd be blood on the sand pret - ty soon.
bright - en an oth - er - wise dull af - ter - noon.
f
D Eb D Eb 1 D 2 D7 G
The At last, the mat - a - dor
poco rit.
mf
a tempo


D A7
did what we want-ed him to, He raised his sword and his
D D7 G D
aim was true, In that mo-ment of truth I sud-den-ly
freely
B7 Em A7 D E♭ D
knew That some-one had sto-len my wal-let.
a tempo
A7 No chord
Moderately
D F dim A7
Now it's fi - es - ta time in Ak-ron, O-hi - o,
mf
a tempo


A9 +5
D
But it's back to old Gua-da-la - ja-ra I'm longing to go.
F♯m
Am/C
B7
Em
Far a - way from the strikes of the A. F. of L. and C. I. O.
(Alternate:) For though try, as I may, I can nev - er re-pay all that I owe
D
A7
How I wish I could get back to the land of the wet-back and for-get the Al - a -
To the land of ma - ña-na And cheap ma-ri - jua-na (It's so ea - sy to
C7 - 5
B7 Em A7
D
E♭
D
mo, In old Mex-i - co. (Spoken) O-lé!
grow)
cresc. poco a poco
f

L-Y

(from *The Electric Company*)

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




E♭
G7
A♭
by? (loud whisper) Si - lent-ly,
spy? (acting suspiciously) Nor - mal - ly,
pie? (nauseated) Ea - ger - ly,
mp
E♭
Fm
Fm6/D
G7
si - lent - ly, Si - lent - - L.
nor - mal - ly, Nor - mal - - L.
ea - ger - ly, Ea - ger - - L.
Cm
D♭
G7
Cm
Y. 2. You're a
Y. 3. At an
Y. (To next strain) 4. On the
mf


Fm G7 Cm Fm G7
(4.) lake your boat up - set, And your clothes got soak - ing
5. pub - lic li - bra - ry You fall and hurt your
6. walk a - long the street A por - cu - pine you
Cm A♭
wet. How do you stand and wait for them to
knee. But the sign says QUI - ET PLEASE, so how can you
meet. How do you shake his hand when he says
E♭ G7 A♭
dry? (shivering) D-d-d-d-d-d- pa - tient-ly, D-d-d-d-d-d-
cry? (crying) Qui - et-ly,
"hi"? (warily) Care - ful - ly,
mp



E♭ Fm G7
pa - tient - ly, D - d - d - d - d - d - pa - tient - L.
qui - et - ly, Qui - et - L.
care - ful - ly, Care - ful - L.
Cm D♭ G7 Cm
Y. 5. In the
Y. 6. As you
Y. (To next strain) 7. You
(last time ritard)
Slow and sinister (in 2)
Fm G7 Cm Fm G7
en - ter a ver - y dark room, And sit - ting there in the
mf



Cm
A♭
gloom Is Drac - u - la. Now how do you say good -
E♭
G7
Very fast
A♭
bye? Im - me-di-ate-ly, im -
E♭
B♭7
me-di-ate-ly, Im - me - di - ate - L. -
E♭
A♭
B♭7
E♭
B♭7
E♭
Y.
(Spoken) Bye bye!
f

MLF Lullaby

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer

Wiegenliedig




1 G7 C
2 G7 C
B7 Em B7
Once all the Ger - mans were war - like and mean, But that could-n't hap - pen a -
Em A7 Dm
gain. We taught them a les - son in nine - teen eight - een, And
D7 Dm7 G7 C
they've hard - ly both - ered us since then. So sleep well, my dar - ling, the
(Alternate:) So sleep, ba - by, sleep, your
poco rit.
a tempo


G7
sand-man can lin-ger, We know our bud-dies won't give us the fin-ger,
eyes should be shut-tin', We know our bud-dies won't fool with the but-ton,
C C7
F C A9/C♯ Dm G7
Heil, hail the Wehr-macht, I mean the Bun-des-wehr, Hail to our loy-al al-
C Gm6 A7 Dm A7 Dm C B♭7 A7
ly! M. L. F. will scare Brezh-nev, I
Dm G7 C F C F C
hope he is half as scared as I.
rall.

My Home Town

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




F B7 C D7 G7
more those su - per - spe - cial just plain folks in my home
school he sold the most a - maz - ing pic - tures in my home
C C♯dim Dm7 G13 C Am
town. No fel-low could ig-nore The
town. That fel-low was no fool Who
Dm7 G7 C Am
lit - tle girl next door, She sure looked sweet in her first eve - ning
taught our Sun - day School, And nei - ther was our kind - ly Par - son
Dm7 G7 F B7
gown. Now there's a charge for what she used to give for
Brown. (Hum)



C D7 G7 C C7 Cdim Fm6/C C C7
free in my home town. I re-mem - ber
in my home town. I re-mem - ber
F9
Dan, the drug-gist on the cor-ner, 'e was
Sam, he was the vil - lage id - i - ot And
C9 C
nev - er mean or or - ner - y, He was swell. He killed his
though it seems a pit - y, it was so. He loved to
F9 Am C A7+
moth-er-in-law and ground her up real well, And sprin-kled just a bit O-ver
burn down hous-es just to watch the glow, And noth-ing could be done 'Cause he


D9 G7 C Am
each ba - na - na split. The guy that took a knife And
was the may - or's son. The
Dm7 G7 C Am
mon-o-grammed his wife, Then dropped her in the pond and watched her
Dm7 G7 F B7
drown. Oh, yes in - deed, the peo - ple there are just plain
C A7 D7 G7 C
folks In my home town.

N APOSTROPHE T

words and music by Tom Lehrer




Fmaj7 Gm7 Am7 Gm7 Fmaj7 Gm7 Am7 Gm7
(#1:)Have you ev - er tried to smile?
Fmaj7 Gm7 Am7 Gm7 Fmaj7 Gm7 Am7 Gm7
(#2:)No! I haven't! (#1:)Won't you try it for a while?
Fmaj7 Gm7 Am7 D7 Gm D7
(#2:)No! I won't! (#1:)Are there games to play in there?
Gm D7 Gm/D D♭7 F C7
(#2:)No! There are-n't! (#1:)Then why d'you like to stay in there?
F D♭7 Gm7 C7♭9 Fmaj7 F6
(#2:)Frank-ly, I don't! (#1:)Have - n't, won't, are- n't, don't, Is
A7♭9 Dm Gm7 C7♭9 Fmaj7 F6 Gm7 C7
that all you can say? (#2:)Have-n't, won't, are-n't, don't, And I said GO A -
F B♭ F Gm7 C7 F D7
WAY! Grouches all ag - ree. We get a glow From say-ing NO! With
Gm7 C7 Fmaj7 Gm7 Am7 Gm7 Fmaj7 Gm7 Am7 Gm7
N a-pos - tro-phe T.


slower
Fmaj7 Gm7 Am7 Gm7 Fmaj7 Gm7 Am7 Gm7
(#1:)Do you talk to a - ny - one? (#2:)No, I don't.
(wistfully)
Fmaj7 Gm7 Am7 Gm7 Fmaj7 Gm7 Am7 D7
(#1:)Come on out and have some fun. (#2:)No, I could-n't.
(hesitantly)
Gm D7 Gm D7 Gm/D D♭7
(#1:)Can't you e - ven tell me why? (#2:)No, I can't.
(apologetically)
F C7 F D♭7
(#1:)Will it kill you just to try? (#2:)Well, I should-n't.
(wanting to)
Gm7 C7♭9 Fmaj7 F6 A7♭9 Dm
(#1:)Don't, could-n't, can't, should-n't, Now try it once my way:
even slower
Gm7 C7♭9 Fmaj7 F6 Gm7 C7
Do! (#2:)Do! (#1:)Could! (#2:)Could! (#1:)Can! (#2:)Can! (#1:)Should! (#2:)Should! Hey, that feels o -
back to speed
F B♭ F Gm7 F D7
kay! (#1:)So come a - long with me. (#2:)I'll give it a try, And say good-bye To
Gm7 C7 B♭ C7 Gm7 C7 F
N a-pos - tro-phe, (#1:)N a-pos - tro - phe, (Both:)N a-pos - tro - phe T!

National Brotherhood Week

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer





E♭ Edim B♭7 E♭
Broth-er-hood Week, Le - na Horne and Sher- iff Clark are danc - ing
Broth-er-hood Week, New York-ers love the Puer - to Ri-cans 'cause it's
E♭7 A♭ A♭m A♭ E♭ E♭dim
cheek to cheek, It's fun to eu-lo-gize the peo - ple
ver - y chic, Step up and shake the hand of some - one
E♭ B♭7 E♭ A♭
you de-spise. As long as you don't let 'em in your school.
you can't stand, You can tol - e - rate him if you try.
E♭ B♭7 E♭ A♭
1 E♭ B♭7
2 D.S. al Coda 𝄋 E♭ B♭7
2. Oh, the
3. Oh, the
mf
mf


CODA
Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7
Broth-er-hood Week, It's Na - tion-al Ev'-ry-one-smile-at - one - an -
Eb7 Ab Abm Ab Eb Ebdim
oth-er-hood Week, Be nice to peo-ple who are in - fe - ri -
Eb Bb7 Eb Bbm6 C7 E
or to you. It's on-ly for a week, so have no fear, Be
F7 Bb7 Eb Db9 Eb
grate - ful that it does-n't last all year.
poco a poco cresc.
ff
sfz

New Math

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer

(Note: Except for the refrain there is no melody to this song. The words are to be spoken rhythmically to an underlying 2/4 beat, except for the words in italics, which are spoken freely. The specific accompaniment used by the author on his recording would require too many pages to write out and is therefore omitted.)

$$\begin{array}{r} 342 \\ -173 \\ \hline 169 \end{array}$$

You can't take three from two,
Two is less than three,
So you look at the four in the tens place.
Now that's really four tens,
So you make it three tens,
Regroup, and you change a ten to ten ones,
And you add them to the two and get twelve,
And you take away three, that's nine.
Is that clear?

Now instead of four in the tens place
You've got three,
'Cause you added one,
That is to say, ten, to the two,
But you can't take seven from three,
So you look in the hundreds place.

From the three you then use one
To make ten tens...
(And you know why four plus minus one
Plus ten is fourteen minus one?
'Cause addition is commutative, right!)...
And so you've got thirteen tens,
And you take away seven,
And that leaves five...

Well, six actually,
But the idea is the important thing!

Now go back to the hundreds place,
And you're left with two,
And you take away one from two,
And that leaves... ?

Everybody get one?
Not bad for the first day!

(Sing refrain)


REFRAIN
F
C7 B7 B♭7 A7
Hoo-ray for new math, New-hoo-hoo math, It
Dm
Dm7 G7
C
A7
won't do you a bit of good to re - view math. It's so
Dm
E♭
sim - ple, so ver - y sim - ple, that
G7
B/C C
on - ly a child can do it!

Now, actually, that is not the answer that I had in mind, because the book that I got this problem out of wants you to do it in base eight. But don't panic. Base eight is just like base ten really – if you're missing two fingers. Shall we have a go at it?

$$\begin{array}{r} 342_{\text{eight}} \\ -173_{\text{eight}} \\ \hline 147_{\text{eight}} \end{array}$$

You can't take three from two,
Two is less than three,
So you look at the four in the eights place.
Now that's really four eights,
So you make it three eights,
Regroup, and you change an eight to eight ones,
And you add them to the two,
And you get one-two base eight,
Which is ten base ten,
And you take away three, that's seven.

Now instead of four in the eights place
You've got three.
'Cause you added one,
That is to say, eight, to the two,
But you can't take seven from three,
So you look at the sixty-fours.

Sixty-four? "How did sixty-four get into it?"
I hear you cry. Well, sixty-four is eight squared,
don't you see? (Well, you ask a silly question,
and you get a silly answer.)

From the three you then use one
To make eight eights,
And you add those eights to the three,
And you get one-three base eight,
Or, in other words,
In base ten you have eleven,
And you take away seven,
And seven from eleven is four.
Now go back to the sixty-fours,
And you're left with two,
And you take away one from two,
And that leaves. . . ?

Now, let's not always see the same hands.
One, right!
Whoever got one can stay after class and clean the erasers.

(Sing refrain) Hooray for new math,
New-hoo-hoo math,
It won't do you a bit of good to review math.
It's so simple,
So very simple,
That only a child can do it!

No Rice
(It's Gotta Just Happen)

words and music by Tom Lehrer

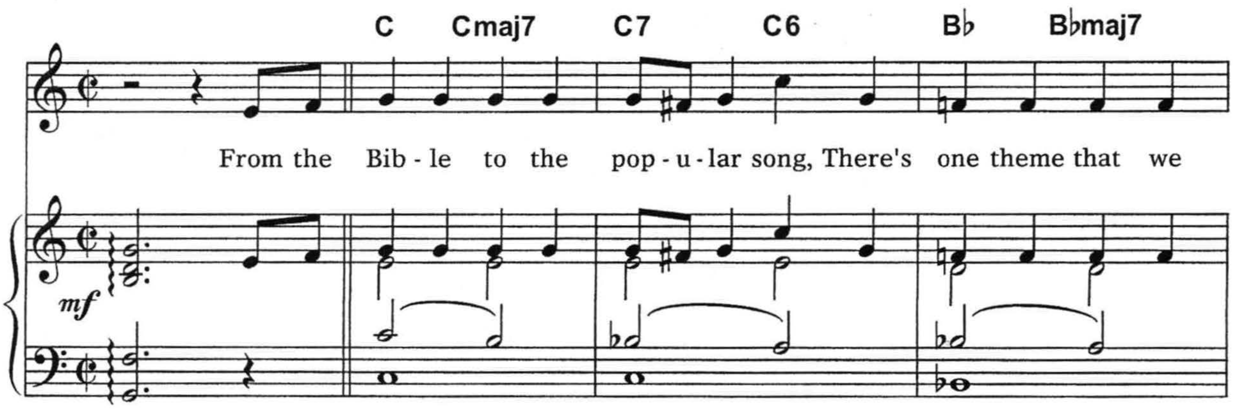


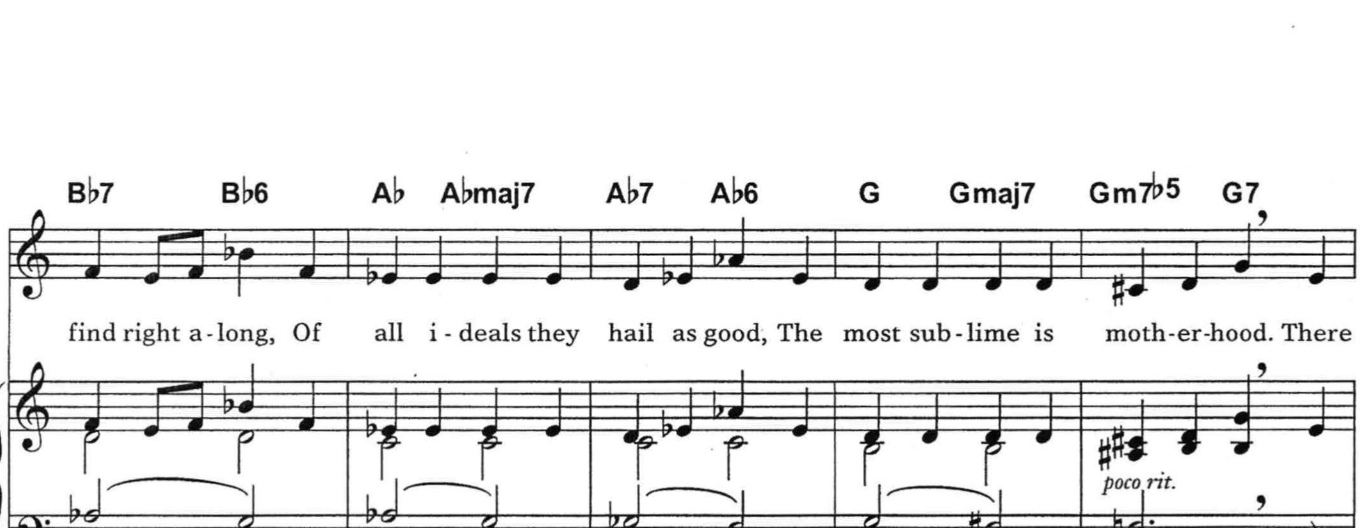

41 C7 F E♭ D♭
a - ted. I'm not so sure it's go - ing to hap- pen, I'm not so sure I want
46 C♭ C7 C11 C♯o C7
it to hap- pen, But if it hap - pens It's got - ta just
51 F D♭7 C7 Dm Gm7
hap- pen, It's got - ta just hap- pen. That's
56 Gm9 Gm11 C11
how it's got - ta hap - pen to
59 F6(add9)
me.
8vb

Oedipus Rex

words and music by TOM LEHRER

Freely, with motion (in 2)






C Cmaj7 C7 C6 B♭ B♭maj7 B♭7 B♭6
was a man, though, who, it seems, Once car-ried this i - deal to extremes, He
with motion
A♭ A♭maj7 A♭7 A♭6
Lively, a tempo (in 2)
C Gdim
loved his moth-er and she loved him, And yet his stor-y is rath - er
G7 C F7 C F7 C F7 G7 C G
grim:
There
(His)
f
C F7 C G7
once lived a man named Oed-i-pus Rex, You may have heard a-bout his odd com plex, His
ri - vals used to say quite a bit, That as a mon-arch he was most un - fit, But
mf


C F7 D9 G7
name ap - pears in Freud's in - dex, 'Cause he loved his moth - er.
still and all they had to ad - mit That he
D9 F/G G7 D9 G7 C
His loved his moth - er.
C F7 G7 C G+
Yes, he loved his moth er like no oth - er, His
Gm A7 Dm G7
daugh - ter was his sis - ter and his son was his broth - er, One thing on which you can de - pend is:
poco rit.


C C♯dim G7 C F7
He sure knew who a boy's best friend is. When he found what he had done, He
a tempo
C G7 C F7
tore his eyes out one by one, A trag - ic end for a loy - al son who
D9 G7 C
loved his moth - er.
C F7 G7 C
f
mp
So be
Freely, with motion
C Cmaj7 C7 C6 B♭ B♭maj7 B♭7 B♭6
sweet and kind to mother, now and then have a chat, Buy her can dy or some flowers or a brand new hat, But


A tempo (as before)
A♭ A♭maj7 A♭7 A♭6 C Gdim G7
may-be you had bet-ter let it go at that, Or you may find your - self with a quite com -
mf
C Gm6 A7 D7 G7
plex com - plex, And you may end up like Oed - i - pus,
f
D7 G7 D9 G7
I'd rath-er mar-ry a duck-billed pled - i - pus, Than end up like old Oed - i - pus
cresc.
C F7 G7 C
Rex!
ff
sfz

O-U
(The Hound Song)

From the Television Show *The Electric Company*

Words by Tom Lehrer • Music by Giuseppe Verdi ("Caro Nome" from *Rigoletto*)




16
E♭ B♭ A dim B♭ A dim B♭ E♭
mound. No one knows where I can be found. If they
19
B♭/F F7 B♭/F F7 B♭7 E♭
knew, then they'd be bound To come and take me to the
22
A♭m6 Fm/A♭ B♭7
pound. That's why I don't dare make a
24
E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭
sound.

Poisoning Pigeons in the Park

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer





G7 (Sung) Dm G7 C
do! But there's one thing that makes spring com - plete for me,
D7 G Gdim G7
And makes ev - 'ry Sun - day a treat for me.
poco rit.
Refrain
C Cmaj7 C6 C
All the world seems in tune on a spring af - ter - noon, When we're
(So if) Sun - day you're free, why don't you come with me, And we'll
mf
a tempo
Gdim G7 Dm
poi - son - ing pi - geons in the park. Ev - 'ry Sun - day you'll
poi - son the pi - geons in the park. And may - be we'll


F+ F Dm6 G7
see my sweet-heart and me, As we poi - son the pi-geons in the
do in a squir-rel or two, While we're poi - son-ing pi-geons in the
C Fm
park. When they see us com - ing, the bird - ies all
park. We'll mur - der them all a - mid laugh-ter and
D7 G7
try an' hide, But they still go for pea - nuts when coat - ed with
mer-ri - ment, Ex - cept for the few we take home to ex -
tempo ad lib.
C Cmaj7 C6
cy - an-hide. The sun's shin - ing bright, Ev - 'ry - thing seems all
per - i - ment. My pulse will be quick-en-in' with each drop of
a tempo



C
D7
G7
C
To Interlude
right, When we're poi-son-ing pi-geons in the park. We've
stry-ch'n-ine we
D7
G7
D7
G7
feed to a pi-geon. (It just takes a smid-gin!) To
D7
G7
C
Fine
poi-son a pi-geon in the park.
INTERLUDE
G7sus4
G7
C maj7
C6
gained no-to-ri-e-ty And caused much an-xi-e-ty in the


G7sus4
G7
C maj7
C6
A7 sus4
Au-du-bon So-ci-e-ty with our games. They call it im-
A7
D maj7
D6
A7 sus4
A7
pi-e-ty, and lack of pro-pri-e-ty, And quite a va-ri-e-ty of
D
D7
G
un-pleas-ant names. But it's not a-gainst an-y re-li-gion
D7
G7
G7+
D.S. al Fine
To want to dis-pose of a pi-geon. So if
poco a poco rit.

Political Action Song

words and music by Tom Lehrer



Pollution

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




F C G7 C G7
Turn on your tap and get hot and cold run-ning crud.
C G7
2. See the hal - i - buts and the stur - geons be - ing wiped out
mf
C Am Dm7 G7 C C♯dim
by de-ter - geons. Fish gotta swim and birds got-ta fly, But they don't last long
tempo ad lib.
a tempo
G7 C Am G F
if they try. Pol - lu - tion, Pol - lu - tion, You can use the lat - est tooth-
f



*Alternative lyrics may be used here to fit the local situation, e.g.,

for New York: The breakfast garbage they throw out in Troy/They drink at lunch in Perth Amboy.

for San Francisco: The breakfast garbage that you throw into the Bay/They drink at lunch in San José.



G F E F
lu - tion, wear a gas mask and a veil, Then you can
cit - y see the cra - zy peo-ple there, Like lambs to the
1 C G7 C G7
breathe long as you don't in - hale.
2 C
slaugh-ter,
F Em Dm C Am F Em Dm C Am
They're drink - ing the wa - ter and
Dm7 G7 G7-9 C F E♭ D♭ C C6
breath - ing (cough.........) the air.
ff

MUSIC FOR POST–THANKSGIVING HYMN

We Gather Together

Translated from the Dutch by THEODORE BAKER

Traditional tune arranged by EDWARD KREMSER



New lyrics by Tom Lehrer (1989)

SELLING OUT

words and music by TOM LEHRER




F
D7
G7
talks
You're un - der its spell
It has a ver - y sooth-ing voice.
It's up to you to make the
I've al - ways found i - deals
Don't take the place of
start to preach and mo - ra - lize
C7
But what do you have
when there's noth - ing left to
choice.
Be-fore you know it there'll be noth - ing left to
meals
That's how it is and how it will al - ways
That we all are in the game, and, broth - er, its name is com - pro-
1.
2.
sell?
Sell - ing
sell?
sell
sell.
be
You
be.
mise
It's so nice to have in - mise.

Send the Marines

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer





B♭m 1 F C7 F F♯dim C7 2 F
guess, But first send the Ma-rines! We'll What do we do?
sip-po-li,
C7 F F7 B♭
We send the Ma-rines! For might makes right, And
Am D9 Gm7 C7 Gm7
till they've seen the light, They've got to be pro-tect-ed, All their rights re-
C7 Gm7 Bdim Gm7 tacet C7 F
spect-ed, Till some-bod-y we like can be e-lect-ed. Mem-bers of the



corps all hate the thought of war, They'd rath-er kill them off by peace-ful
means. Stop call-ing it ag-gres-sion, we hate that ex-pres-sion, We
on-ly want the world to know that we sup-port the sta-tus quo. They love us ev-'ry-
where we go, So when in doubt, send the Ma-rines!

She's My Girl

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer





C A7 Dm7 G7
win - ter the bed-room is one large ice cube, And she
C Dm7 E7 Am
squeez-es the tooth-paste from the mid - dle of the tube. Her
Am/G E7/G♯ Am7 D13/F♯
hairs in the sink have driv - en me to drink, But she's my
poco accel.
ritard.
C/E A7 Dm7 G7+ C D7 G7
girl, she's my girl, she's my girl, And I
a tempo


Somewhat faster (quasi ad lib.)
C C7 F Em
love her. The girl that I la-ment for, The girl my mon-ey's spent for, The
Dm A7
girl my back is bent for, The girl I owe the rent for, The
Dm7 G7 C D13/F♯
girl I gave up Lent for Is the girl that heav-en meant for
cresc. e ritard. poco a poco
Dm7/G G F/G Em/G G7
Moderately slow (a tempo)
C A7
me. So though for break-fast she makes cof-fee that
f
mf



Dm7 G7 C Dm7
tastes like sham - poo, I come home to din - ner and get
E7sus4 E7 Am Am/G E7/G♯
pea - nut but - ter stew, Or if I'm in luck, it's
poco accel.
Am7 D13 C/E A7 Dm7 G7
broiled hock-ey puck, But oh, well, what the hell, She's my
ritard.
a tempo
C D7 G7 C
girl, And I love her.
ritard.
L.H.
f

Silent E

(from *The Electric Company*)

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer

With ease




D dim
C7
F
E♭
not too hard to see, it's si - lent E.
el - e - men - ta - ry for si - lent E.
1 F
C7
2 F
F7
B♭
Who can turn a cub
He took a pin and turned it
(He turned a) dam, Al - i - ka -
C7
F
in - to a pine. He took a
zam, in - to a dame. But my friend
G7
Gm7
Gm7-5
twin and turned him in - to twine.
Sam stayed just the same.


C7
F maj7
F6
F maj7
Gm/C
Who can turn a cap___ in - to a
Who can turn a man___ in - to a
F maj7
F6
F maj7
F6
C7 sus4
C7
cape? Who can turn a tap___
mane? Who can turn a van___
C7 sus4
C7
E♭
F
F7
in - to a tape? A lit - tle
in - to a vane? A lit - tle
B♭
Bdim
F
Cm6/E♭
D7
glob___ be-comes a globe in - stant - ly, If you
hug___ be-comes huge in - stant - ly. Don't add



1
Gm7 C7 F E♭ F F7
just add si - lent E. He turned a
2
Gm D♭7/A♭ F/A
dou-ble - U, Don't add X, And don't add Y or
B dim C7sus4/G C7
Z, Just add si - lent
F maj7 F6 F maj7 F6 F maj7 C7sus4 C7 F
E.
f
sfz

Silent E
(private version)

words and music by Tom Lehrer




14
dud in-to a dude. It -'ll e-ven make crud Sound
F G7
19
Crude. And thanks to si-lent E, luck-y me, I used to hop, but now I
C7 F Fm F F♯o
24
hope, I used to slop, now I just slope, And best of
Gm Gm7 C7 C♯o Dm Dm7
27
all, My pop is now the Pope!
G7 C7 F

Smut

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




F7-5 B♭7+ E♭ B♭7
I've nev-er quib-bled if it was rib-ald,
Who needs a hob-by like ten-nis or phi-lat-e-ly?
E♭
I would de-vour where oth-ers mere-ly nib-bled. As the
I've got a hob-by: re-read-ing "La-dy Chat-ter-ley." But
(Alternate:) I
G7 Cm
judge re-marked the day that he ac-quit-ted my Aunt Hor-tense, "To be
now they're try-ing to take it all a-way from us un-less We take a
love the Bill of Rights with all the fer-vor I pos-sess, And when I
F7 B♭7
smut, it must be ut-ter-ly with-out re-deem-ing so-cial im-por-tense."
stand, and hand in hand we fight for free-dom of the press, In oth-er words,
pray, I al-ways say, "Thank God for free-dom of the press."



E♭6
E♭m
B♭
Por - - - no-graph-ic pic-tures I a - dore,
Smut! Like the ad-ven-tures of a slut,
C7
Cm7
In-de-cent mag - a-zines ga - lore,
I like them
Oh, I'm a mar-ket they can't glut,
I don't know
1 D7
Gm
D
B♭7
To Interlude
more if they're hard core!
2 F7sus4
F7
B♭
Fm6
what com-pares with smut, hip hip — hoo -


G7
C7
E♭m
ray! (Spoken) Let's hear it for the Supreme Court! Don't let them take it
(Sung)
poco a poco cresc.
E♭m/F
B♭
F♯7
G7
G♯7
A7
B7
B♭
Fine
a - way!
ff
sfz
Interlude
E♭
E
F
F♯
G
(Spoken) Bring on the obscene movies, murals, postcards, neckties, samplers, stained-glass
mp
A♭
A
B♭
B♭7
windows, tattoos, anything! More, more, I'm
poco a poco cresc.


E♭
B♭7
still not satisfied! (Sung) Sto - ries of tor - tures, used by de -
bauch - ers, lu - rid, li - cen - tious and vile, Make me
E♭
B♭7
smile. Nov - els that pan - der to
B♭
my taste for can - dor give me a pleas - ure sub - lime. (Spoken) Let's
E♭


Bb7 Eb Eb7 Ab
face it, I love slime. (Sung) All books can be in-de-cent books though
Eb
re-cent books are bold-er, For filth (I'm glad to say) is in the mind of the be-
C7 Fm Db
hold-er; When cor-rect-ly viewed, Ev-'ry-thing is lewd. (Spoken) I could
F7 Bb7 tacet D.S. al Fine
tell you things a-bout Pe-ter Pan, And the Wiz-ard of Oz, there's a dir-ty old man! I
(Sung)

S-N

(SNORE, SNIFF & SNEEZE)

(from *The Electric Company*)

words and music by TOM LEHRER




C7♭9
breeze When I sneeze. (sneeze) (sneeze) (sneeze)
if I can
floor And
F G♭ F
sniff (sniff) And sneeze (sneeze)
snore (snore) And sniff (sniff) And sneeze (sneeze)
(sneeze) (sneeze) Sometimes I just like to snick-er "tee-hee" Or
D♭7 A♭M7
snub a-ny snob who is snot-ty to me, And when-ev-er I have a few
D♭7 C7 F
mo-ments to spend, I can snoop on a neigh-bor or snitch on a friend. But
A7♭9 Dm G7
much more than a-ny of these— I love to snore and to sniff and to
F C7♭9 C7
sneeze. (snore) (sniff) (sneeze) (and fade out)

So Long, Mom

(A SONG FOR WORLD WAR III)

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




G7
C7
You can see me on your T. V., While
though it may be a pile of de-bris. Re-
F
F+
F6
F7
we're at-tack-ing fron-tal-ly, watch Brink-al-ly and Hun-tal-ly, de-
mem-ber, mom-my, I'm off to get a com-mie, so
F6
F+
B♭
A
A7+
scri-bing con-tra-pun-tal-ly the cit-ies we have lost. No
send me a sa-la-mi, and try to smile some-how. I'll
B♭
F
D7
G7
need for you to miss a min-ute of the ag-o-niz-ing
look for you when the war is o-ver, an hour and a



1
C7 F F♯dim C7 F F♯dim C7
To Interlude
ho - lo - caust.
ff
2
C7 F C7 F
Fine
half from now!
ff
Interlude
F C7
Lit - tle John - ny Jones he was a U. S. pi - lot, and no
mf
F F♯dim C7
shrink - ing vi - 'let was he.


F
G7
He was might-y proud when World War Three was de-clared,
C7
He was-n't scared, no - sir - ee! And
F dim
C7
this is what he said on his
F
F dim
C7
D.S. al Fine
way to Ar - ma - ged - don:

SPEED'S SONG **words: Tom Lehrer**

music: "Torna a Surriento" (1904), by Ernesto de Curtis




p
mf
just as if you'd lost your moth-er,
Fast-ing with no ap-pe-tite,
Once you used to laugh at
cresc.
lov-ers
when they spoke of how it feels,
f
Weeping on-ly when you need-ed mon-ey,
dim.
Fast-ing on-ly be-tween meals
You may be my mas-ter
But look how you be-
C
have!
Love is the
mas- ter now.
rit.
You are the slave.

(For Ed)

Te Amo

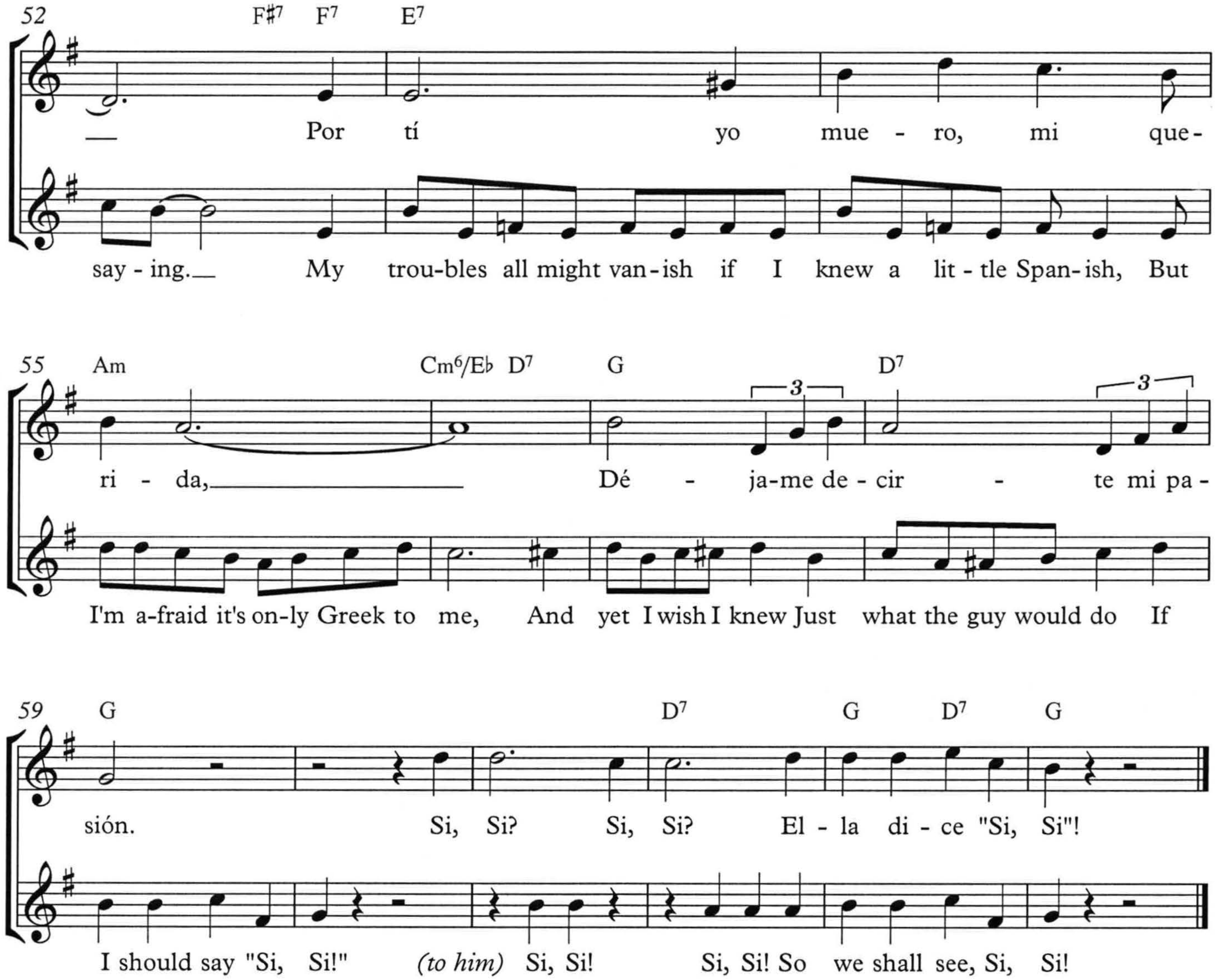
(The Serenade)

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




24
play - ing.__ The night is so ro-man- tic, But it's dri-ving me just fran- tic,'cause I
27
G F♯7 F7 E7
don't un - der-stand a word he's say - ing.__ My trou-bles all might van - ish if I
30
Am Cm6/E♭ D7 G
knew a lit-tle Span- ish, But I'm a-fraid it's on-ly Greek to me, And yet I wish I knew Just
34
D7 G D7 G F♯7 Bm
Mi a - mor, Un fa-
what the guy would do If I should say "Si, Si!" I think he said "A -


38
F♯7
Bm
D7
G
vor Yo te pi - do. Mi a - mor, Un fa-
mor", I've heard that word be - fore I'm al-most sure that
42
(or: Yo te pi-do so-la-men-te que me en-ví-es tu un be-so del bal- cón.)
D7
G
D°
D7
vor Un be - si - to de con - tes - ta - ción. Te a -
love Is what he's think-ing of. There he goes a - gain: The
45
G
D7
mo, vi - da de me vi - da. Te a
moon is high a-bove and I'm in the mood for love, and I just love the song that he's play-ing. The
49
G
mo con to - do mi co - ra - zón.
night is so ro man- tic, But it's dri-ving me just fran- tic, 'cause I don't un-der-stand a word he's


52
F♯7 F7 E7
— Por tí yo mue - ro, mi que -
say - ing.__ My trou-bles all might van-ish if I knew a lit - tle Span-ish, But
55
Am Cm6/E♭ D7 G D7
ri - da,__ Dé - ja-me de - cir - te mi pa -
I'm a-fraid it's on-ly Greek to me, And yet I wish I knew Just what the guy would do If
59
G D7 G D7 G
sión. Si, Si? Si, Si? El - la di - ce "Si, Si"!
I should say "Si, Si!" (to him) Si, Si! Si, Si! So we shall see, Si, Si!

THAT'S MATHEMATICS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY TOM LEHRER




F7 E♭Maj7 Dm7
count for a year Would you get to in - fin-i-ty Or
Cm7 Dm
some where in that vi-cin-i-ty?
F7 B♭ D7
When you choose How much post - age to use, When you
Tap your feet, Keep ing time to the beat Of a
G9 Cm7
know What's the chance it will snow, When you bet,
song While you're sing - ing a - long, Har - mo - nize
F7 1. B♭ G7 C7
and you end up in debt, Oh, try as you may, you just
with the
Cm7 G♭7/F F7 B♭ B♭7
can't get a - way from math - e - mat - - - ics!
2. B♭7 A7 A♭7 G7 C7
rest of the guys, Yes, try as you may, You just
rit. a tempo
Cm7 G♭7/F F7 B♭
can't get a - way from math - e - mat - - - ics!

Optional verse, to be inserted before "Tap your feet....."

Andrew Wiles
Gently smiles,
Does his thing, and voilà!
Q.E.D.,
We agree,
And we all shout "hurrah!"
As he confirms what Fermat
Jotted down in that margin
(Which could have used some enlargin').

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

This song was originally written to and intended to be sung to the tune of "That's Entertainment" (lyrics by Howard Dietz, music by Arthur Schwartz, from the movie *The Bandwagon*). It was written in 1985 as a potential theme song for a Children's Television Workshop series, which was eventually called "Square One TVHowever, the owners of the copyright to "That's Entertainment" refused to allow the music to be used, so I wrote an original tune. My words may of course be sung to the tune of "That's Entertainment".

In 1993 the song was used as part of a celebration, presented by the Mathematical Sciences Research Institute of Berkeley, California, in honor of Andrew Wiles's proof of Fermat's Last Theorem. The optional verse about Wiles was added for that occasion.

The Derivative Song (dy/dx)

words by Tom Lehrer
music: "There'll Be Some Changes Made"
by W. Benton Overstreet (1921)
(original lyrics by Billy Higgins)

You take a function of x and you call it y
Take any x-nought that you care to try
You make a little change and call it delta x
The corresponding change in y is what you find nex'
And then you take the quotient and now carefully
Send delta x to zero, and I think you'll see
That what the limit gives us, if our work all checks,
Is what we call dy/dx,
It's just dy/dx.

Note: 𝅘𝅥𝅮. 𝅘𝅥𝅯 should
be played as 𝅘𝅥𝅮𝅘𝅥𝅮



The Derivative Song (dy/dx)

words by Tom Lehrer
music: "There'll Be Some Changes Made"
by W. Benton Overstreet (1921)
(public domain)

You take a function of x and you call it y
Take any x-nought that you care to try
You make a little change and call it delta x
The corresponding change in y is what you find nex'
And then you take the quotient and now carefully
Send delta x to zero, and I think you'll see
That what the limit gives us, if our work all checks,
Is what we call dy/dx,
It's just dy/dx.

THE DERIVATIVE SONG

words by Tom Lehrer

music: "There'll be Some Changes Made" *(public domain)*
by W. Benton Overstreet (original lyrics by Billy Higgins)

	caption on screen
You take a function of x and you call it y	$y = f(x)$
Take any x-nought that you care to try	$y_0 = f(x_0)$
You make a little change and call it delta-x	$\Delta x = x - x_0$
The corresponding change in y is what you find nex'	$\Delta y = y - y_0$
And then you take the quotient and now carefully	$\frac{\Delta y}{\Delta x} = \frac{y - y_0}{x - x_0}$
Send delta-x to zero and I think you'll see	$\Delta x \to 0$
That what the limit gives us if our work all checks	$\lim_{\Delta x \to 0} \frac{\Delta y}{\Delta x}$
Is what we call dy/dx	$\lim_{\Delta x \to 0} \frac{\Delta y}{\Delta x} = \frac{dy}{dx}$
It's just dy/dx	$\frac{dy}{dx}$

The Elements

Words by Tom Lehrer
Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan




Cm
B♭7
E♭
te-ti-um, va-na-di-um, And lan-tha-num and os-mi-um and as-ta-tine and ra-di-um, And
plat-i-num, plu-to-ni-um, Pal-la-di-um, pro-me-thi-um, po-tas-si-um, po-lo-ni-um, And
G7
Cm
A♭7
gold and pro-tac-ti-ni-um and in-di-um and gal-li-um, And i-o-dine and tho-ri-um and
tan-ta-lum, tech-ne-ti-um, ti-ta-ni-um, tel-lu-ri-um, And cad-mi-um and cal-ci-um and
a tempo
G7
thu-li-um and thal-li-um. There's
chro-mi-um and cu-ri-um. There's
C
G7
yt-tri-um, yt-ter-bi-um, ac-tin-i-um, ru-bid-i-um, And bo-ron, ga-do-lin-i-um, ni-
sul-fur, cal-i-for-ni-um, and fer-mi-um, ber-ke-li-um, And al-so men-de-le-vi-um, ein-


C G7 C G7
o-bi-um, i-rid-i-um, And stron-ti-um and sil-i-con and sil-ver and sa-ma-ri-um, And
stei-ni-um, no-be-li-um, And ar-gon, kryp-ton, ne-on, ra-don, xe-non, zinc and rho-di-um, And
C F C G7 C F
bis-muth, bro-mine, lith-i-um, be-ryl-li-um, and ba-ri-um.
chlo-rine, car-bon, co-balt, cop-per, tung-sten, tin and so-di-um.
1 C G7 C
2 C G7 C G7 C G7
These are the only ones of which the news has come to Ha'vard, And there
poco a poco ritard.
C F C G7 C tacet G7 C
may be man-y oth-ers, but they have-n't been dis-ca-vard.
a tempo
3
ff

The Folk Song Army

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer





Gm Dm A♭
Strum your frus-tra-tions a - way, Some peo-ple may pre-fer
E♭ Fm G7 B♭7
ac - tion, But give me a folk song an - y old day. The
E♭ A♭ B♭7
tune don't have to be clev - er, And it don't matter if you put a cou-pla ex-tra
B♭9+ E♭ E♭7 D7 D♭7 C7
syl - la-bles in - to a line. It sounds more eth - nic if it


Fm Eb Bb7 Eb D
(Sung)
ain't good Eng - lish, and it don't e - ven got-ta rhyme. Excuse me - rhyne! Re -
(Spoken)
Melody
D Eb
mem - ber the war a - gainst Fran - co? That's the
f
kind where each of us be - longs,
D Eb D
Though
he may have won all the bat - tles,
Eb
We had


D7
B♭7
all the good songs.
So
Melody
rall.
Tempo I
E♭
A♭
B♭7
B♭9+
join in the Folk Song Ar - my, Gui - tars are the weap-ons we
mf
E♭ E♭7 D7 D♭7
C7
Fm
bring to the fight a-gainst pov-er-ty, war, and in-jus-tice,
E♭
B♭7
E♭
A♭
E♭
Read-y! Aim! Sing!
poco a poco cresc.
ff
rall.

The Hunting Song

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




1 F C7 2 F E7 Am
cow. I was cow. The law was ver-y firm, it
E7 Am G F E7
Took a-way my per - mit, The worst pun-ish-ment I ev-er en - dured.
Am E7
It turned out there was a rea - son, Cows were out of sea - son, And
Am C7 C7+ F
one of the hunt-ers was-n't in - sured. Peo - ple ask me how I


C7 F Cm6 D7 (Spoken)
do it, And I say 'There's noth-ing to it, You just stand there look-ing cute, And when
G7 C7 (Sung) F F7 B♭
some-thing moves, you shoot!' And there's ten stuffed heads in my tro-phy room right
freely
a tempo
B♭m F C7
now, Two game war-dens, sev-en hunt-ers and a
poco rit.
a tempo
F F7 F dim B♭m6/F F
pure - bred Guern - sey cow.
poco a poco cresc.
f

The Irish Ballad

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer





3. Her mother she could never stand,
   Sing rickety-tickety-tin,
   Her mother she could never stand,
   And so a cyanide soup she planned.
   The mother died with the spoon in her hand,
   And her face in a hideous grin, a grin,
   Her face in a hideous grin.

4. She set her sister's hair on fire,
   Sing rickety-tickety-tin,
   She set her sister's hair on fire,
   And as the smoke and flame rose high'r,
   Danced around the funeral pyre,
   Playing a violin, -olin,
   Playing a violin.

5. She weighted her brother down with stones,
   Sing rickety-tickety-tin,
   She weighted her brother down with stones,
   And sent him off to Davy Jones.
   All they ever found were some bones,
   And occasional pieces of skin, of skin,
   Occasional pieces of skin.

6. One day when she had nothing to do,
   Sing rickety-tickety-tin,
   One day when she had nothing to do,
   She cut her baby brother in two,
   And served him up as an Irish stew,
   And invited the neighbors in, -bors in,
   Invited the neighbors in.

7. And when at last the police came by,
   Sing rickety-tickety-tin,
   And when at last the police came by,
   Her little pranks she did not deny,
   To do so, she would have had to lie,
   And lying, she knew, was a sin, a sin,
   Lying, she knew, was a sin.

8. My tragic tale I won't prolong,
   Sing rickety-tickety-tin,
   My tragic tale I won't prolong,
   And if you do not enjoy my song,
   You've yourselves to blame if it's too long,
   You should never have let me begin, begin,
   You should never have let me begin.

THE LOVE SONG OF THE PHYSICAL ANTHROPOLOGIST

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
TOM LEHRER

NOTE: THIS SONG WAS PROMPTED BY THE OBSERVATION THAT ALL LOVE SONGS WHICH ACTUALLY DESCRIBE ANY PHYSICAL ASPECT OF THE BELOVED LIMIT THEIR COMPLIMENTS TO SUCH THINGS AS HAIR, EYES, LIPS, HANDS, ETC. PHYSICAL ANTHROPOLOGISTS, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAVE A WHOLE ARSENAL OF DESCRIPTIVE ADJECTIVES AT THEIR DISPOSAL.




25 Eb7 Ab7
YOU MIGHT WISH THIS CHOR – DATE. IN – STEAD OF MINE WERE YOUR DATE,. YOU
29 Eb7 Ab G Gb F7
HAVE–N'T GOT A CHANCE, IT'S PLAIN TO SEE, FOR NOTH–ING IS MORE
34 Bb F7
A–LIEN TO THIS MAR–VE–LOUS MAM – MA–LIAN THAN AF – FEC–TION SHOWN TO AN – Y–ONE BUT
39 FM7 Bb7 Eb GM/D CM AbM6/Cb Bb7
ME. OH, HER EYES ARE BLUE AND THEY'RE OX – Y–BLEP–TIC TOO! SHE'S
45 Eb F#DIM FM7/Bb Bb7 FM7 Bb7
EN–DO–THER–MIC AND THAT SUITS ME FINE. THAT EU–RY–PEL–LIC, OR–THO–RACH–IC,
51 FM7 Bb7 GM7 C7 GM7
BRACH–Y–DON–TIC, STEN–O–MER–IC, BATH–Y–COL–PI–AN, LEI–O–DER–MA–TOUS, CAL–LI–PYG – I–AN,
56 C7 F7 Bb7 F7
PLAT–Y – HI–ER – IC, EC – TO – MOR–PHIC, RU – FI – PI – LUS, LEP–TOR–RHIN–NIAN,
60 Bb7 F7 Bb7 Eb
MET – RI – O – CE – PHAL–IC LIT – TLE GAL OF MINE.

The Masochism Tango

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer





A7
Dm
tacet
dance to the Mas-o-chis-m Tan-go. Let our
(Your)
Dm
Gm
C7
love be a flame, not an em-ber, Say it's me that you want to dis-
eyes cast a spell that be-witch-es, The last time I need-ed twen-ty
F
A7
Dm
Gm
mem-ber, Black-en my eye, set fire to my tie, As we
stitch-es To sew up the gash you made with your lash, As we
A7
Dm
tacet
Gm
C7
dance to the Mas-o-chism Tan-go. At your com-mand be-fore you here I
danced to the Mas-o-chism Tan-go. Bash in my brain, and make me scream with

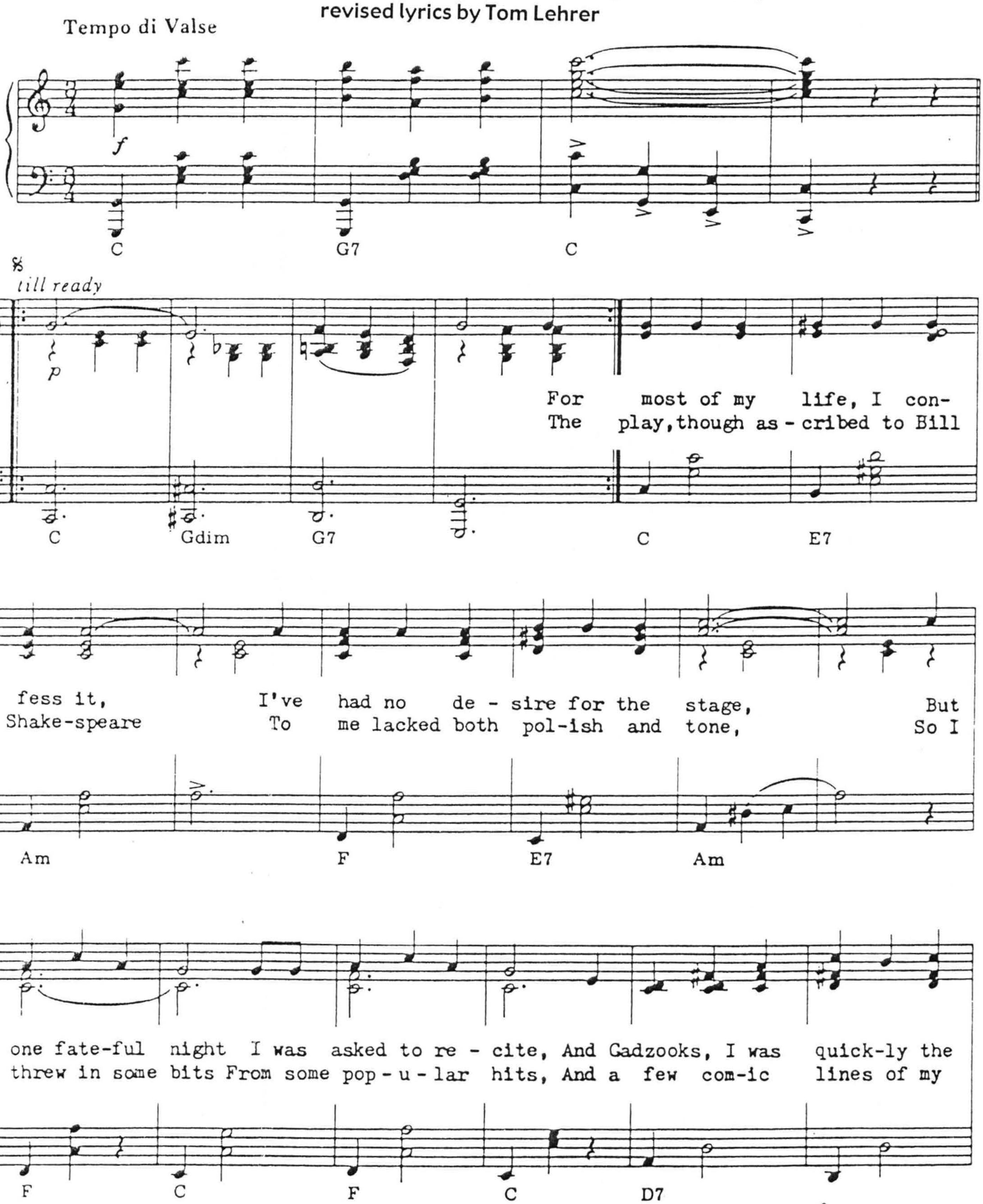

F Dm Gm C♯dim
stand, My heart is in my hand, (Spoken) Ecch! (Sung) It's here that I must
pain, Then kick me once a - gain, And say we'll nev - er
poco rit.
a tempo
D D7 Gm C7 F Dm
be. My heart en-treats, Just hear those sav-age beats, And go put on your
part. I know too well I'm un-der-neath your spell, So, dar-ling, if you
Gm C7 F A7 Dm
cleats and come and tram-ple me. Your heart's hard as stone or ma-
smell some-thing burn-ing, it's my heart. Excuse me! (Spoken) Take (Sung) your cig - a-rette from its
Gm C7 F
hog - an-y, That's why I'm in such ex - qui - site ag - on-y. My
hold - er, And burn your i - ni -tials in my shoul - der.


A7
Dm
Gm
soul is on fire, It's a - flame with de - sire. Which is
Frac - ture my spine, And swear that you're mine, As we
1
tacet To Interlude
why I per - spire when we tan - go. You caught my
a tempo
2
Fine
dance to the Mas-o - - chis - m Tan-go.
a tempo poco a poco cresc.
ff
INTERLUDE (somewhat slower)
Bb
Bb7
Eb
nose in your left cas-ta - net, love, I can feel the pain
(Alternate:) I can nev-er for -
a tempo
poco rit.
a tempo


A7
Dm
yet, love, Ev-'ry time I hear drums.
get, love, How this pas-sion was born.
f
tacet
B♭
B♭7
And I en-vy the rose That you held in your
How I en-vied the rose That your teeth used to
mf
poco rit.
E♭
A7
teeth, love, With the thorns un-der-neath, love,
clench, love, When I tried some-thing French, love,
3
a tempo
Somewhat faster (as before)
D.S. al Fine
Stick-ing in-to your gums. Your
All I got was a thorn.

THE NIGHT I APPEARED AS MACBETH

music & original lyrics by William Hargreaves (public domain)
revised lyrics by Tom Lehrer




rage. Soon I knew that Mac - beth was the one role That would
own. Un - for - tu - nate - ly, the di - rec - tor De -
G7 Eb Bb7
cer-tain-ly make my ca - reer And my friends said "Of course you must
ci - ded the play was too long, So he forced me to cut out my
Bb7 Eb G E7
do it, So long as you don't do it here." So I went,
tap dance And half of my sec - ond act song. All that work
A7 D7 G Cdim Ab7 G
rit.
hired a hall, And gave a per - for - mance that shattered them all
gone to waste! But what can you do with a man with no taste?
G7+ C6 E7 Am E7 F7 D7 G

CHORUS


I ac - ted so trag-ic, the house rose like mag-ic, The aud - i - ence
I ac - ted so trag-ic, the house rose like mag-ic, They wished Da - vid
C
A7
Dm
yelled "You're sub - lime!" They made me a pres-ent of
Gar - rick could see. But he's in the Ab - bey, Then
Dm
G7
Mor-ning-ton Cres-cent, They threw it one brick at a time. The
some-one quite shab-by Sug-gest-ed that's where I should be. They
G7
C
Gdim
G7
crowd filled the air with their chat - ter and clat - ter And quite an as -
hoot - ed like owls and they whist-led like crick-ets, Es - pec - ial - ly
C
E7


sort-ment of veg'tab-le mat-ter. They jeered, And they sneered,
those who had paid for their tick-ets, The witch-es Were in stitch-es,
Am F6 Dm C
f p
Though they cheered at the scene of my death. I got no ho-
And the cast was soon quite out of breath. I cried "Lay on Mac-
C G7 C F
san-nas, Just eggs and ba-na-nas, The night I ap-peared as Mac-beth.
Duff" They cried "Lay off, e-nough!" The night I ap-peared as Mac-beth.
E7 Am D7 C G7 C
D.S.

The Old Dope Peddler

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




F Em Dm C
gives the kids free sam-ples, be-cause he knows full well That to-
Dm G7 C A7 D7 Dm7 G7
day's young in-no-cent fa-ces will be to-mor-row's cli-en-tele. Here's a
C B♭7 A7 Dm G7 C
cure for all your trou-bles, here's an end to all dis-tress. It's the
C♯dim Dm C G7 C
old dope ped-dler with his pow-dered hap-pi-ness.
ritard.

MUSIC for "THE PROFESSOR'S SONG" (Physics and Math versions) and "I CAN'T THINK WHY"

"King Gama's Song" from *PRINCESS IDA,* by Gilbert and Sullivan




lit-tle plans to snub the self-suf - fi-cient I de-vise; I love my fel-low creatures—I do all the good I can— Yet
ev-'ry-bo-dy says I'm such a dis-a-greeable man! And I can't think why!
2. To com-pli-ments in-fla-ted I've a wi-ther-ing re-ply,. And va-ni-ty I al-ways do my
best to mor-ti-fy; A cha-ri-ta-ble ac-tion I can skil-ful-ly dis-sect; And in-ter-est-ed mo-tives I'm de-

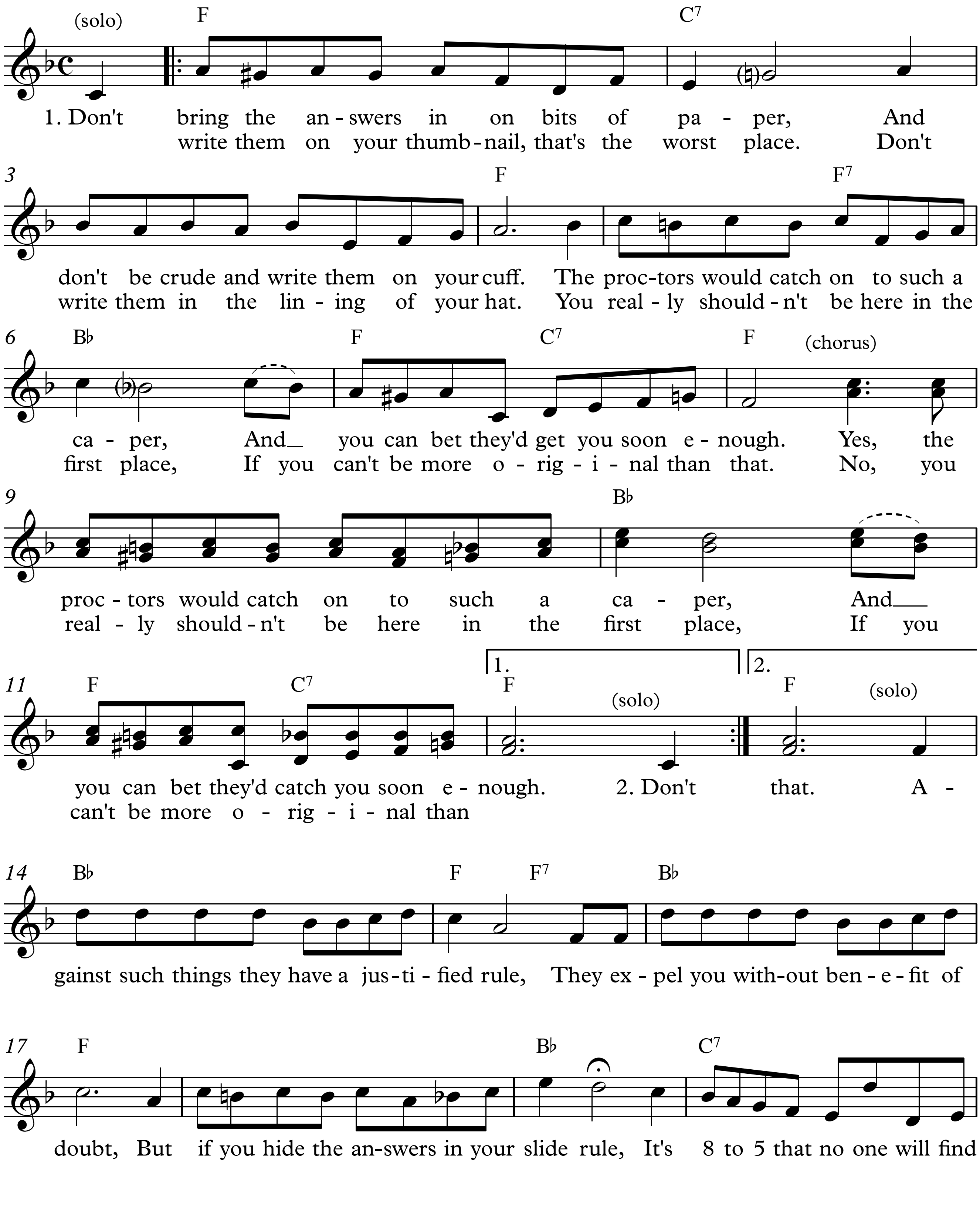

- light-ed to de-tect; I know ev-'ry-bo-dy's income and what ev-'ry-bo-dy earns; And I care-ful-ly compare it with the
in-come-tax re-turns; But to be-ne-fit hu-man-i-ty how-e-ver much I plan, Yet ev-'ry-bo-dy says I'm such a
dis-a-greeable man! And I can't think why!
3. I'm
sure I'm no as-ce-tic; I'm as pleasant as can be; You'll al-ways find me rea-dy with a crushing re-par-tee. I've an
f

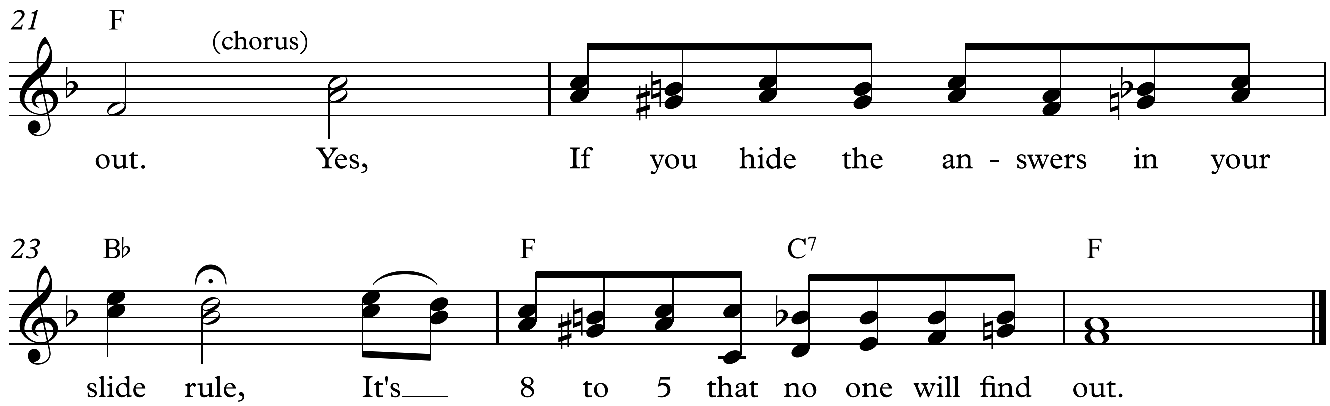

ir - ri - ta-ting chuckle, I've a ce - le - bra - ted sneer, I've an en - ter-tain-ing snig-ger, I've a fas - ci - na-ting leer. To
ev-'ry-bo-dy's pre-ju-dice I know a thing or two; I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do. But al-
though I try to make my-self as pleasant as I can, Yet ev-'ry-bo-dy says I am a dis-a-greeable man! And I
can't think why! I can't think why!
Chorus. Girls.
He can't think why! He can't think why!
Men.
He can't think why! He can't think why!

The Slide Rule Song

from *The Physical Revue*

words and music by Tom Lehrer





21
F
(chorus)
out. Yes, If you hide the an - swers in your
23
B♭
F
C7
F
slide rule, It's 8 to 5 that no one will find out.

THE SUBWAY SONG **words: Tom Lehrer**
music: "M-O-T-H-ER" (1915), by Theodore Morse




P is Park Street, bu- sy Bos- ton cen- ter.
Doub- le- U is Wash- ing- ton, you see.
Put them all to- geth- er, they spell HCKC- PW, Which is
just a- bout what Bos- ton means to me.

The Vatican Rag

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




F F♯dim C A7+ A7 D7 G7
Ev-'ry-bod-y say his own Ky-ri-e e-le-i-son, Do-in' the Vat-i-can
A-ve Ma-ri-a, Gee, it's good to see ya, Get-tin' ec-stat-ic an'
1 To Interlude
C tacet
Rag.
2
D7 G7 D7 G7
sort-a dra-mat-ic an' do-in' the Vat-i-can
C dim G7 C Fine
Rag!
ff
sfz
Interlude
G7 C
Get in line in that pro-ces-sion-al, Step in-to that


C♯dim G7
small con-fes - sion - al, There the guy who's got re - li - gion 'll
C C7 F
Tell you if your sin's o - rig - i - nal. If it is try
Fm
play-in' it sa - fer, Drink the wine and chew the wa - fer,
F♯dim G7 D.S. al Fine
Two, four, six, eight, Time to tran-sub - stan - ti - ate!
L.H.

The Wiener Schnitzel Waltz

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer





E♭7
Fm
set - ting was Vi - en - nese, Your hair wore some ro - ses (or per -
par - don the sim - i - le), The mu - sic was love - ly and
teeth rath - er yel - low - ish), The mu - sic was love - ly, quite
C7
Fm
haps they were pe - o - nies), I was blind to your ob - vi - ous
quite Ru - dolf Frim - l - y. I drank wine, you drank choc - o - late
I - vor No - vel - lo - ish.
B♭9
A♭
faults, As we danced 'cross the scene to the
malts, And we both turned quite green to the
L.H.
a tempo
B♭m7
E♭
A♭
A dim
strains of the Wie - ner Schnit - zel Waltz.
strains of the Wie - ner Schnit - zel


To Interlude
2
B♭m7
E♭7
A♭
D♭
Oh, I Waltz.
A♭ E♭7 A♭
Fine
INTERLUDE
Bdim
drank some cham-pagne from your shoe.
I was drunk by the time I got through. For
I did-n't know, as I raised that cup, It had tak-en two
A♭m7-5
F7
B♭7


E♭7 A♭m6 E♭dim E♭7 A♭ Bdim
bot - tles to fill the thing up. It was I who stepped on your
poco rit.
a tempo
B♭m7 E♭7 A♭
dress The skirts all came off, I con - fess.
E♭7 A♭ E♭7 A♭m7-5 F7
Re - veal - ing for all of the oth - ers to see
D.S. al Fine 𝄋
B♭7 E♭ A♭m6 A dim E♭7
Just what it was that en - deared you to me. Oh, I re -
ritard.

The Wild West Is Where I Want To Be

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




F7 B♭7 E♭ E♭7
C. Where the sce-ner-y's at-trac-tive And the
breeze. I'll have on my som-bre-ro And of
A♭ F7 B♭7
1
air is ra-di-o-ac-tive, Oh, the wild west is where I want to
course I'll wear a pair o' Le-vis o-ver my
E♭ Edim B♭7
2
be. 'Mid the lead B. V.
E♭6 A♭ A♭m6 E♭ E♭7 A♭ B♭7
D's. I will leave the cit-y's rush, Leave the


E♭ B♭m6 C7 Fm7 Fm7-5 B♭7
fan - cy and the plush, Leave the snow and leave the slush, And the
E♭ E♭7 A♭
crowds. I will seek the des - ert's
B♭7 E♭ B♭m6 C7 F7
hush, Where the sce - ner - y is lush, How I long to see the
B♭7
mush - room clouds. 'Mid the


E♭6 A♭6 E♭ E♭dim
yuc - cas and the this - tles I'll watch the guid - ed mis - siles, While the
E♭ C7 F7 B♭7
old F. B. I. watch - es me. Yes, I'll
E♭ E♭7 A♭ F7
soon make my ap - pear - ance (Soon as I can get my clearance), 'Cause the
B♭7 E♭6 A♭ A♭m6 E♭
wild west is where I want to be.
ritard. e cresc.
f

There's a Delta for Every Epsilon
(Calypso)

words and music by Tom Lehrer (1949)




32
C
G7
C
rank dis-crim-i-na-tion is not for us. We must fight for an en-light-ened cal-cu- lus, Where
36
C7
F
F♯o
G7
ep - si - lons all, both mi - nus and plus, Have del - tas
39
C
To call their own.

TREES

original poem by Joyce Kilmer
original music by Oscar Rasbach
adapted by Tom Lehrer



We Will All Go Together When We Go

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer





C7 Fm Gb
do (but don't you worry.) No more ashes, no more sack- And an armband made of black cloth will
cloth
C7 F F7
some-day never more a-dorn a sleeve. For if the bomb that drops on you gets your
Bb G7 C7 F
friends and neigh-bors too, There'll be no - bod-y left be-hind to grieve.
poco più mosso
Chorus
C7 Gm/D Edim
Moderately bright (in 2)
F F+ Bb
1. And we will all go to-geth-er when we go,
(2. And we will) all bake to-geth-er when we bake,
f


Gm C7
What a com-fort-ing fact that is to know. U-ni-
There'll be no-bod-y pres-ent at the wake. With com-
F F7 F+ B♭ Gm B
ver-sal be-reave-ment, An in-spir-ing a-chieve-ment, Yes, we
plete par-ti-ci-pa-tion, In that grand in-cin-er-a-tion, Near-ly
C7 F D♭7
all will go to-geth-er when we go. We will
three bil-lion hunks of well-done steak. We will
G♭ G♭+ C♭
all go to-geth-er when we go. All suf-
all char to-geth-er when we char. And


A♭m D♭7
fused with an in-can-des-cent glow. No-one will
let there be no moan-ing of the bar. Just sing
G♭ G♭7 G♭+ C♭ A♭m C
have the en-du-rance to col-lect on his in-su-rance, Lloyd's of
out a Te De-um when you see that I. C. B. M., And the
D♭7 G♭ D7
Lon-don will be load-ed when they go. We will
par-ty will be come-as-you-are. We will
G F
all fry to-geth-er when we fry. We'll be
all burn to-geth-er when we burn. There'll be


E Eb E
french fried po - ta - toes by and by. There will
no need to stand and wait your turn. When it's
E F
be no more mis-e-ry when the world is our ro - tis-se-rie, Yes, we
time for the fall - out and Saint Pe - ter calls us all out, We'll just
B7 E
all will fry to - geth - er when we fry. Down by the
drop our a - gen - das and ad -
mf
Moderately (in 3)
E F#7 B7
old mael - strom, There'll be a


G♯7 C♯m C7 Gm/D E dim
storm be - fore the calm. 2. And we will
2 E E7
journ. You will
Freely (quasi recitative)
Am
all go di-rect-ly to your re-spec-tive Val-
mf
D7 Gm
hal - las. Go di - rect-ly, do not pass Go, do not col-lect two hun-dred
C7 Gm/D E dim
dol- las. And we will
Moderately bright (in 2)
F F+
all go to - geth - er when we
f


B♭ Gm C7
go, Ev-'ry Hot-ten-tot and ev-'ry Es-ki - mo.
F F7 B♭
When the air be-comes u - ra-ni-ous, We will all go si - mul -
tempo ad lib.
Gm B C7 D7
ta-ne-ous, Yes, we all will go to - geth-er when we all go to -
a tempo
Gm C7 F
geth - er, Yes, we all will go to - geth - er when we go.
poco a poco rit. e dim.
ff

WE'RE TALKIN' ALGEBRA

words and music by Tom Lehrer

[The verses are to be recited to a quasi-rap beat.]

Part I: Polynomials, rational functions, and theory of equations

Polynomials and rational functions, coefficients,
Linear factors and quadratics and pure imaginaries,
Partial fraction decomposition,
And synthetic division, multiplicity of roots,
And complex conjugates.
(What!)
I said "complex conjugates"!
(WHAT??)

REFRAIN (sung): We're talkin' algebra,
What we're doin' here is algebra.
Try a little bit and Wow!
You are gonna wonder how
Did you ever get along without it up to now.
It's algebra,
Get yourself a little algebra.
You are really gonna be amazed at all that it can do for you.
(Who, me?)
Yes, you!)

Part II: Conic sections

Hyperbolas and circles and ellipses and parabolas
And diameters and radii and axes of symmetry
And sections of the cone and completion of the square
And directrices and intercepts and vertices and foci
And asymptotes.
(What?)
I said "asymptotes"!
(WHAT??)

REFRAIN (sung)

Part III: Matrices and determinants

Linear simultaneous equations and solutions,
Using coefficient matrices and quotients of determinants,
And inconsistent systems, elementary operations,
Using Cramer's rule and Gaussian elimination,
And cofactors.
(What?)
I said "cofactors"!
(WHAT??)

REFRAIN (sung)

Part IV: Mathematical induction, sequences, and counting

Geometric sequences and infinite series,
Permutations, combinations, and the sigma notation,
Mathematical induction, arithmetical progression,
And binomial expansion and the Pascal triangle,
And factorials.

(Huh?)
I said "factorials"!
(HUH??)

REFRAIN (sung)

REFRAIN



Wernher von Braun

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




Dm C G7 C B7
"Na - zi, Shma - zi," says Wern-her von Braun. Don't say that he's hyp - o -
owe their large pen-sions to Wern-her von Braun. You too may be a big
Em B7 Em
crit - i - cal, Say rath - er that he's a - po - lit - i - cal, "Once the
he - ro, Once you've learned to count back-wards to ze - ro, "In
G7 C A7 Dm C
rock-ets are up, who cares where they come down? That's not my de-part-ment," says
Ger-man o-der Eng-lish I know how to count down, Und I'm learning Chi-nese," says
1 G7 C D9 G7+ C 2 G7 C
Wern-her von Braun. Wern-her von Braun.
rall.

Whatever Became Of Hubert?

Words and Music by
TOM LEHRER

Moderately




Eb
Abm
Bb7
Bb9
fi - er - y lib - er - al spir - it, Ah, but now when he
Ebdim
Eb
F7
speaks he must clear it, Sec-ond fid - dle's a hard part, I
Bb
Cm7
Bbdim
Bb7
know, when they don't e - ven give you a bow.
"We
Eb
Ebdim
Bb7
must pro - test this treat - ment, Hu-bert," says each news-pa-per


E♭ G7 G7+ G7 Cm
read - er, As some - one once re - marked to Schu - bert,
A♭ B♭9 E♭ B♭7 E♭
"Take us to your Lied - er!" What - ev - er be -
A♭m B♭7 B♭9 B♭9+5 E♭
came of you, Hu - bert? We miss you, so tell us, please,
C7-9 Fm7
Are you sad, are you cross, are you gath - er - ing moss, while you


Bb7-9
Eb
Eb7
Ab
wait for the boss to sneeze? Does Lyn - don, re -
call - ing when he was V. P., say, "I'll do un - to you like they
Abm
did un - to me!"? Do you dream a - bout stag - ing a coup?
Eb
Adim
Hu - bert, what hap - pened to you?
Bb7
Eb
Bb7
Eb

When You Are Old and Gray

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer





* *The alternative version of the interlude was written for the 1980 revue* Tomfoolery, *in which it was sung by an older man to a younger man.*


INTERLUDE
G B C Am E♭7
aw - ful de - bil - i - ty, A less - ened u - til - i - ty, A
joy-ing our com-pat - i - bil - i - ty, I am cog - ni - zant of its fra - gil - i - ty, And I
D7 G Gdim G
loss of mo - bil - i - ty Is a strong pos - si - bil - i - ty. In
question the ad - vis - a - bil - i - ty Of re - ly - ing on its du - ra - bil - i - ty. You're a -
D♯dim
all prob - a - bil - i - ty I'll lose my vi - ril - i - ty And
ware of my in - flex - i - bil - i - ty And my quin - tes - sen - tial vol - a - til - i - ty And the
Em A7 A7-5 D7 C/E D7/F♯
you your fer - til - i - ty And de - sir - a - bil - i - ty, And
to - tal in - con - ceiv - a - bil - i - ty Of my show-ing gen - u - ine hu - mil - i - ty. Though your


G B C Am E♭7
this li - a - bil-i-ty Of to - tal ste - ril-i-ty will
un-de-ni-a-ble nu-bil-i-ty May ex-cuse a cer-tain pu-er-il-i-ty, Your al-
D7 G Gdim G
lead to hos - til-i-ty And a sense of fu - til-i-ty, So let's
leg-ed in-dis-pen-sa-bil-i-ty Un-der-es-ti-mates my ver-sa-til-i-ty, And your
D♯dim
act with a - gil-i-ty While we still have fa - cil-i-ty, For we'll
boy-ish ir-res-pon-si-bil-i-ty And what now is charm-ing ju-ve-nil-i-ty Will in
D.S. al Fine
Em A7 A7-5 D7 C/E D7/F♯
soon reach se - nil-i-ty And lose the a - bil-i-ty. Your
time lose their a-dor-a-bil-i-ty And ap-pear much more like im-be-cil-i-ty.

Who's Next?

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer




D♭ E♭m A♭ C♭
don't you grieve, 'cause they're on our side (I be-lieve).
Chi-na got the bomb but
B♭7 C dim B♭7 E♭m B7 Em A
have no fears, 'cause they can't wipe us out for at least five years. Who's next?
Em A Em D Em
Ja - pan will have its own de-vice, Tran - sis - tor - ized at
A C B7
half the price. South Af - ri - ca wants two, that's right: One for the black and one


C♯dim B7 Em C7 Fm B♭ Fm B♭ Fm
for the white. Who's next? E - gypt's gon - na
A♭
get one too, Just to use on you know who.
Fm C7 Fm
So Is-ra-el's get - ting tense, wants one in self de-fense. "The
poco rit.
a tempo
E♭ D♭ B♭m C7
Lord's our shep-herd," says the psalm, But just in case we bet-ter get a


Fm B♭ Fm D♭7 F♯m B F♯m B F♯m
bomb. Who's next? Lux-em-bourg is
E F♯m B D
next to go, And (who knows?) may-be Mon-a - co.__ We'll try to stay__ se -
C♯7 D♯dim C♯7 F♯m D7 G
rene and calm__ When Al-a-ba-ma gets the bomb. Who's next? Who's
rit.
a tempo
poco a poco cresc.
Em Bm D7 Gm C Gm
next? Who's next?__________ Who's next?
ff

Why Not Fight?

(Fight Song)

(from *The Electric Company*)

words and music by Tom Lehrer




19
E♭7(♭5) D7 G D7
Fight! Fight! 'Cause if we don't, we may be here all night.
while we're here we might as well F - I - G-H - T N - I-
26
G G7 C/E Dm6 E7
Let's try to keep our cas-u-al-ties light. But why not fight? our
G-H - T L - I - G-H-T F - I - G-H-
35
Am F♯7 Bm B♭m
team is out - a - sight, So let's not get up- tight, And
T S - I - G - H - T T - I - G-H-T
45
Am D7 G G° Am/G G
why not Fight! Fight!
Give a cheer, give a yell, Show them we know how to spell, F - I - G - H - T Fight!

